## The Future of Liberalism—a Debate

May 3, 1956 25¢

# THE REPORTER

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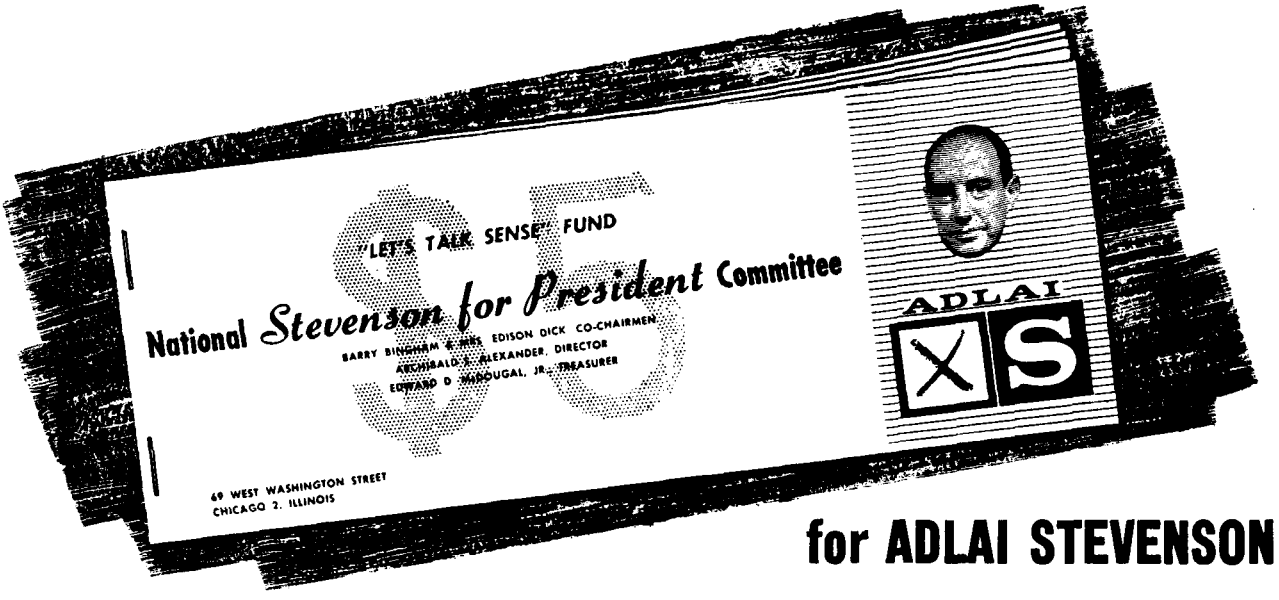
# "LET'S TALK SENSE"

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In the next few weeks hard-fought State primary campaigns, such as those in Florida and California, will require money – but nothing to match the $5,000,000 raised by the Republicans for radio and television time. If Stevenson is to win, it is up to every supporter to help now – today.

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"Let's Talk Sense" Fund Booklets are available to Stevenson supporters at the respective State and local STEVENSON FOR PRESIDENT Committees. Each booklet contains ten certificates of $5 each. Instructions are included with each booklet. You may be one of thousands of supporters who wish to help secure $5 contributions from your friends backing Stevenson. Please get in touch immediately with your State or local STEVENSON FOR PRESIDENT Committee to help in the collection of "Let's Talk Sense" Fund contributions.

In States where there is as yet no organized STEVENSON FOR PRESIDENT Committee, members of the NATIONAL STEVENSON FOR PRESIDENT Committee are urged to enroll as solicitors for the "Let's Talk Sense" Fund by writing to Chicago headquarters immediately. Please use the coupon below. You will be rendering a great service by giving your friends an opportunity to contribute to the Stevenson campaign.

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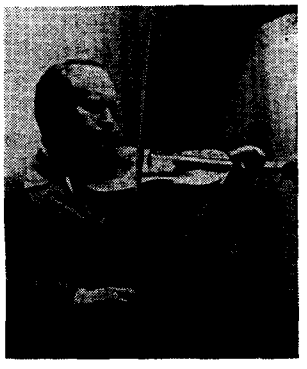

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## Dag Hammarskjold

There is an extraordinary quality about the job that man Hammarskjold has been doing in the Middle East these days, just as there is an extraordinary quality in what he has been making of his position as Secretary General of the U.N. He has become the first diplomat of a hopelessly disunited world, in charge of hopeless power conflicts.

The men entrusted with the business of diplomacy—East and West—have got snarled in their own and in their adversaries' schemes. Some have more, some less skill. Some are evil men—mostly in the East—and some are just blunderers. But what they seem to have in common is that they all drift, and they all let their nations and the rest of the world drift with them. We know what they are drifting toward. By and large, they talk too much. They move around in circles, sometimes on tiptoe, sometimes stamping their feet at the most inappropriate moments—almost always frightened of what they are doing or of what others might possibly make them do.

HAMMARSKJOLD doesn't speak much, and whatever he says is quiet, deliberate, and subdued. His language is usually that of a man who knows how to apply unrhetorical generalities to keep away from situations that it would be reckless to discuss in detail. Just because he knows a great deal about philosophy and cares about moral principles, he is not addicted to philosophic moralizing. He is every inch an intellectual, but when the time is ripe, he acts.

The ripeness of time is indicated by acute emergencies which, in the condition of the postwar world, are invariably characterized by the imminent worsening of a long-deadlocked situation.

On a few occasions, his action has been dramatized by a flying visit to a trouble spot. There, statesmen of opposing nations who refuse to communicate with each other communicate through him, and an agreement is reached, formal or informal. As a result, something is prevented and something is achieved. This self-controlled Swede succeeds in appealing to the humaneness of national leaders who up to then were blinded by prejudice and hatred. He talks the same language to Dulles and Chou En-lai, to Nasser and Ben-Gurion. In the same way, day in and day out, he works at his U.N. headquarters.

There are few if any precedents for what he is doing. Even the major institutions of the U.N.—General Assembly and Security Council—are not much help to him. He applies his skill as a disentangler of deadlocks bit by bit, acting on both sides with equal patience and equal firmness. His operation is not just that of a diplomatic fixer. There is a normative, precedent-setting quality in what he does.

Of course he may fail at any moment. No man is in greater danger of failure. But we think also there is a chance, and quite a good chance, that from the norms he establishes a sort of common law—a common law without a commonwealth—will result, equally binding on otherwise hopelessly divided nations.

Perhaps there is a chance that such a thing may come into existence. Dag Hammarskjold is tirelessly at work, making the best of that chance.

## Vast, Unfettered

Thoughts on reading the President's speech to the conference of Republi-

### PETTY POESY

*"Past Presidents have had their hobbies, and the nation never begrudged the vacations of Grover Cleveland or of Herbert Hoover, both of whom liked to go fishing. . . . It is the prettiest kind of partisanship and narrow-mindedness to criticize any president for taking a vacation or trips away from Washington."*
*—David Lawrence in the New York* Herald Tribune

When a President takes out his putter,
It's petty to wish that he wouldn't,
It's partisans only who mutter
That in moments of crisis he shouldn't.

If a President takes a vacation
When matters are worsening daily,
How narrow to wish that a nation
Were governed a little less gaily!

When Hoover and Cleveland went fishing,
The world did not need their attention,
But is it so mean to keep wishing
That Ike would abstain from abstention?

—SEC

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can leaders in Washington April 17, which opened the 1956 campaign, and remembering James Reston's report of new Republican fashions for the same campaign, displayed at the same gathering:

"... The Republican Party in this campaign must be vigorous and dedicated and inspired by principles ..." (For example, the principles on the new dinner-plate size campaign buttons, "For the Love of Ike, Vote Republican," or on the rubber bumper guards, "Don't Bump a Good Man Out of the White House.")

"Our party must be an organized crusade of men and women who preach our concern and dedication ..." (The crusading men can preach the concern and dedication in the new flannel and rayon waistcoats, with embroidered blue elephants on the pockets and silhouette of the candidate on the side. The Republican ladies can preach the concern and dedication in raincoats, of many colors, with "Womanpower for Eisenhower" in big letters on the back.)

"People are made in the image of God. They are divinely endowed with aspirations and talents." (There is, for example, the aspiration for the new pearl necklace with "Ike" pendants, or for the brooches with Ike's or Mamie's image in gold or silver. There is also the talent for inventing things like "Ike" candy, which is said to be "a sweet idea.")

"As a Republican, I share my party's deep-lying trust in what free men can do—a fundamental trust in the nature and capability of individual human beings." (There is the capability, for instance, to use a magnetized pot holder with the word "Ike" on it, to erect an Eisenhower sign on the bumper as wide as the car and three feet tall, and to deck one's kids in shirts that say "I'm Safe With Ike.")

"Vast, unfettered production for vast, unfettered consumption is the economic expression of our political belief." (There are fans that say "I Am an Eisenhower Fan," gold "Ike" cuff links, imported linen handkerchiefs with "Ike" in one corner, key rings shaped like elephants, "Ike" cigarette holders.)

"The individual—in his God-given talents, in his limitless potential—is the source of every advance in the


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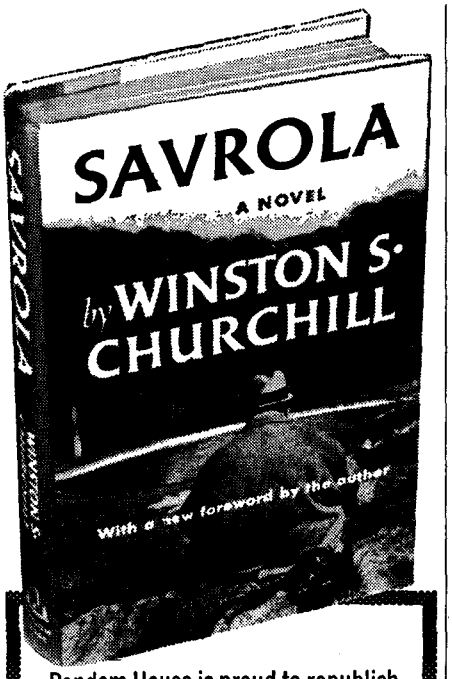


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material and intellectual good of humanity." (One especially notable advance, perhaps, is the new jeweled beer-can opener, which has "Ike" spelled out on it in diamonds, rubies, and sapphires.) As Mr. Eisenhower told his party, "The ultimate values of mankind are spiritual."

The Republican platform will "be the expression of these principles . . . Faith in America and in God will be its inspiration. Courage and optimism will hearten it, integrity will characterize it." (And the phrase "I Like Ike," printed in black or in color on ladies' stockings, will aid in selling it.)

## Shakers and Shakees

The political effects of handshaking are being tried out on both sides of the Atlantic. On this side, a convert to this practice, Adlai Stevenson, is trying to match an old master shaker, Estes Kefauver.

A week later, over in England, a rather more deadly preferential primary began. Those two Russian campaigners, Khrushchev and Bulganin, use all the worst techniques of such campaigning: They say the things each area wants to hear, talking one way about Kashmir in India, another way in Kashmir itself, cursing Britain for helping to start the Second World War when they speak in Bombay and for regarding Asians as savages when they speak in Burma.

But now, coming to England, they are full of smiles, praise for Britain, and remarks about their "open heart." At the same time, they are perfectly willing to make dire predictions about what will happen if they don't get their way, with not too subtle references to intercontinental guided missiles, bombers that fly from Moscow to London in three and a half hours, and Russian hydrogen bombs.

THE RUSSIANS seem to be working on the principle that Adlai Stevenson learned from Estes Kefauver in Minnesota and expressed this way: "There is no doubt but what handshaking develops an identity between the shaker and the shakee." Happily, however, the British seem well aware of the limits of that relationship—at least with those characters who, according to the New York *Times* correspondent, were greeted "with official British handshakes."

## Political Harvest

While the President considered for five dramatic days whether to veto the farm bill, the news media of the country pointed out that because of the farm vote, the politically expedient thing for him to do would be to sign it. But Mr. Eisenhower pointedly resisted expediency, and on this account his veto may turn out to be far less of a political liability than the Democrats hope. The "unbossed," unbeholden candidate has been in fashion for several years, and the time may have come when appearing to stand up to political pressure is the smartest political thing to do.

By his veto the President gained the plaudits of much of the nonfarm population. At the same time, the Administration raised the support price on basic crops to 82.5 per cent, but the President now claimed to be acting out of genuine concern for the farmers' plight rather than yielding to pressure. When he told the country in his fatherly manner, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am no political expert. I have only one rule . . . to do the right thing as I see it . . . ," only a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat could doubt his sincerity.

YET SIMULTANEOUSLY the Administration initiated a new special program for the corn-hog farmer, the very one who counts most politically. The new program will enable most Midwestern farmers to grow all the corn they want and still get a high subsidy for it; it will raise the price of feed corn and thus benefit the hog raisers who grow their own. The roles are distributed: The Administration is coming to terms with the facts of agricultural life in an election year, Mr. Eisenhower gets credit for following the straight and narrow path, and the Democrats in Congress have been left holding the bag.

Congress has expended most of its time and energy this session on two items of special-interest legislation, the natural-gas and farm bills, both vetoed by the President in the name of righteousness.



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# CORRESPONDENCE

## FROM GENERAL RIDGWAY

**To the Editor:** I think Mr. A. T. Hadley's article ("Low-Yield Atomic Weapons: A New Military Dimension") in your April 19 issue is a very stimulating one, which I would commend to every thoughtful reader interested in national defense.

I would similarly commend to the same reader the statement made before the Subcommittee on Disarmament of the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate, on April 12, 1956, by the Honorable Thomas E. Murray, member of the Atomic Energy Commission.

In Commissioner Murray's statement are two passages which are, I think, particularly pertinent. They are:

"As a 'nation under God' we are obliged to act under the limitations of the moral law. The imperatives of this higher law bind us to a due measure of moderation and discrimination in the use of force. . . .

"My third proposal is that increasing concentration should be set on the stockpiling of a wide range of very small nuclear weapons.

"The reasons for this proposal are both military and moral. I have said that limited nuclear war is a possibility that the moral conscience can face and accept. It is also a possibility that is inherent in the present state of international tensions.

"We have of course been preparing against this possibility by our program for small weapons. However, this program requires greater intensification, to the end that it will put us in possession as soon as possible of larger numbers of small weapons. When I speak of small weapons I mean very small weapons. When I speak of larger numbers I mean tens of thousands of weapons in this range."

In my personal opinion, there now exists an essential requirement in the interest of national security that U.S. ground forces be provided, at the earliest feasible date, with the capability for employing a wide range of low-yield weapons in adequate numbers. The relation of such a capability to our foreign policy and diplomacy is obvious.

M. B. RIDGWAY
Pittsburgh

## GOD AND WHOSE RIGHT?

**To the Editor:** Nowhere else have I seen our current dilemma summed up so accurately and so superbly as in your editorial, "And They Say We Are Doing Fine" (*The Reporter*, April 5). Your comments on the "bureaucratized, routinized godliness" of the Administration were excellent. One further comment could be added, however: that this form of irreligion seems to take for granted that the deity of which it is so fond of speaking is on *our* side. How much more appropriate it would be if our statesmen could agree on more than the existence of this deity, and if these statesmen would wonder just once in a while whether our cause and His are, by definition, synonymous, and continually put to themselves the question of whether our cause is always worthy of being on His side, the side of justice, equality, and above all humility.

HERBERT G. HAGERTY
Philadelphia

## WONDER FOR SALE

**To the Editor:** There is something truly pathetic about your Miss Mannes' continual disparagement of various products in the field of plays, movies, and TV shows, of which her recent item on the new Cinerama "Seven Wonders of the World" ("Big Screen, Little Imagination," *The Reporter*, April 19) marks a sort of epitome.

Always she finds that it is too vulgar, too banal, too commonplace, in fact lacking all qualities of being precious enough to titillate the discriminating intellectual. But producers of the ever-costlier productions of the entertainment world are obviously going to be interested in getting the widest approval of those persons whose approbation spells success, i.e., profit.

On the basis of such a realistic appraisal, "Seven Wonders of the World" should be rated a tremendous success, since it presents in a more beautiful and dazzling package than ever before just the things that the vast majority wants to see.

For what profiteth it a producer if he shall please Miss Mannes and lose his own shirt?

EDGAR H. LEONI
New York

**To the Editor:** Many thanks for Marya Mannes' comments on "Out of Darkness" ("Clearings in the Forest," *The Reporter*, March 22). We have come to look upon her as a really intelligent voice of support for the kind of programming that we do—programming which is so important for the future well-being of television and its public. We are very proud to have met with her approval.

IRVING GITLIN,
Director of Public Affairs
Columbia Broadcasting System

## A NEGLECTED FORUM

**To the Editor:** Edmond Taylor's article on "The Strains in NATO," in *The Reporter's* April 5 issue, omits all reference to the relationship between NATO and the United Nations. It seems extraordinary that seven years after the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty, so provocative an analysis could avoid even casual reference to the larger organization which it was explicitly set up to defend.

Perhaps it is natural to confuse a treaty with an area, but the only thing "North Atlantic" about NATO is its name. Algeria, Italy, Greece, and Turkey are more "contiguous" with the United Nations than with the Atlantic. The west coasts of Canada and of the United States are farther from the Atlantic than is Cairo—or Moscow, for that matter.

Manpower and matériel from the NATO reserve are being used for police purposes in Algeria and Cyprus, in connection with issues crying for admission to the U.N. agenda. Whatever the merits of these problems, the point is that they touch both NATO and the United Nations in sensitive relationships. In other words, when you come to the edges of NATO (either in terms of policy or geography) you don't drop off into empty space. The world is still round.

We have done little recently to strengthen the moral authority of the U.N. Security is not strengthened by wrapping it in smaller packages. That was not the purpose of NATO. It was designed to invigorate and reinforce the Charter guarantee against aggression. It was to provide shelter beneath which the free world—under our leadership—could build stronger foundations of freedom.

The omission of the United Nations from a discussion of NATO is not so much playing Hamlet without the ghost as it is playing the ghost without Hamlet.

ERNEST A. GROSS
New York

## THE FOURTH 'R'

**To the Editor:** I must express my appreciation of William Lee Miller's article, "The Fight Over America's Fourth 'R'" (*The Reporter*, March 22). Cogently and clearly he analyzes one of the most involved as well as important issues presently confronting us. Certainly the current "rise in religion" leaves much to be desired in depth. Its only salvation is the hope that it may be the starting point for a real revival of true religious concern. I especially like his conclusion that the long way round is often the best way home. The influence of teachers for whom "religion" is a way of life instead of a system of principles will do far more positive good than a bombardment of "religious facts."

I have one minor objection: Mr. Miller asserts that religion and morality are not necessarily related, and offers as proof the existence of "good" people who are not "religious" and vice versa. Is he perhaps equating "religion" and "Christianity" here? Is there anyone who is not "religious?" The fact that a person belongs to no church and even objects to the religiousity of some church members does not make him irreligious. The basis for an individual's morality is his religion; indeed, the nature of his morality is determined by the nature of his religion. (Which is to confess that not all moral truth is the sole possession of Christianity.)

REV. LUTHER G. BAKER, JR.
Lents Methodist Church
Portland, Oregon

## BEHIND THE CURTAIN

**To the Editor:** I have been a reader of *The Reporter* for a long time now, and I feel that it is one of the soundest and most objective magazines published in America.

May I particularly mention I. Norman Smith's article "The Soviets and the Asians" in the March 8 issue. I myself have been in Moscow recently and I was very pleased to note how I share the reactions of the author. I believe such articles are most important because they try to offer an objective approach to what cannot be treated simply by conformism and blindness.

A. HAULOT
High Commissioner
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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE FEEL we are not out of order if aside from reporting on and analyzing the candidates in this election year we look at underlying issues and follow *The Reporter's* formula of dealing not only with facts but with ideas. Ideas may not be in great demand these days when even their professional manipulators feel compelled to provide the candidates they favor with slogans and oratory to keep their images shining in the public eye.

Some time ago **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.,** Professor of History at Harvard, sent **Max Ascoli** a memo entitled "Wanted: A New Liberalism," and offered to develop it into an article. On reading Mr. Schlesinger's article, which appears in this issue, our Editor felt that he had to answer it, and that his comment should be made in print rather than in a private discussion between two friends. Mr. Schlesinger agreed. The two debaters decided to solicit further comment from others interested and qualified to join the discussion. This material will be published in a forthcoming issue.

PROBABLY the hottest Senatorial contest will be fought in Oregon, where the formidable power of the Administration and the Republican high command will be mobilized in an attempt to retire Wayne Morse from the Senate. **A. Robert Smith,** Washington correspondent for the Portland *Oregonian* and other Northwest newspapers, followed closely the Washington maneuvering that led to Secretary McKay's resignation as Secretary of the Interior and to his sudden entrance into the Oregon Senatorial race. According to Mr. Smith, it looks as if Mr. McKay has a tough fight on his hands—even to win the nomination to oppose Senator Morse.

The article by **Bruce Bliven, Jr.,** on the golden age of installment buying illustrates some of the points raised in Max Ascoli's reply to Mr. Schlesinger. The town Mr. Bliven describes is naturally in California, where the gods have seen to it that everything is big, extreme, and colorful. Mr. Bliven is the author of *The Wonderful Writing Machine;* his *Battle for Manhattan* will be published this year by Henry Holt.

**Marya Mannes's** account of an imaginary conversation in Hollywood might have some connection with a recent wedding.

In discussing the desperate troubles the French are having in North Africa one point is frequently neglected: Most of the rebel nationalist leaders in North Africa are French-educated and have absorbed the extremism that characterizes French politics. This is why their policies and utterances differ so strikingly from those of the Oxford- and Cambridge-educated Asian leaders. **Sabine Gova,** a correspondent for Swiss and French newspapers and magazines, gives a firsthand account of a visit to Rabat.

Traveling to nearly the opposite end of Africa, **Noel Mostert** came upon a kind of tribal monarchy that has so far felt little pressure from industrialism and democracy. The queen to whom he introduces us is in no way concerned with individual rights or with constitutions. Her kingdom may be small, but her sovereignty reaches very far—indeed, her people believe she holds sway over the clouds. Mr. Mostert, a native of Capetown, is now New York correspondent for the Montreal *Star.*

Whenever a troublesome character takes over an important country there is a tendency to provide him with a sort of ancestry. Thus Colonel Nasser of Egypt is often viewed as an Egyptian counterpart to the Turkish Kemal Atatürk—a man who accomplished much. But **Hal Lehrman,** after a trip to Egypt, wonders whether Nasser will even be able to stay in power.

**Flora Lewis** writes from Prague to describe the Czechoslovak Stakhanovites of music.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, fabulous character and poet, exerted a far greater political influence than is generally known. **Sidney Alexander,** who writes about him, contributes regularly to *The Reporter.*

Our cover, an impression of Washington, is by **Guy Dolen.**



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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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# *DEMETRA and the headless doll*

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A DEBATE

# *The Future of Liberalism*

## 1. The Challenge of Abundance

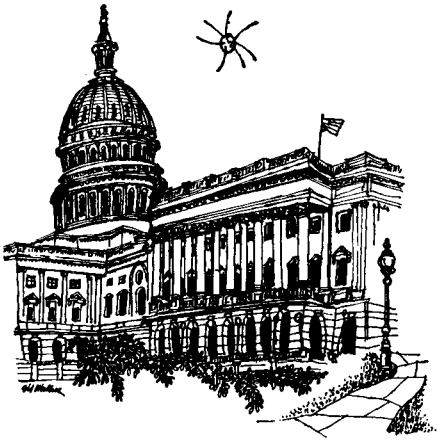
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

RARELY have the experts differed so sharply about the nature of the American political mood as they do today. I suppose that of living Americans the two men who have shown themselves the most penetrating diagnosticians of the nation's political state of mind have been Harry S. Truman and Samuel Lubell. President Truman's victory over fantastic odds in 1948 establishes him as the most astute professional in the politics of this generation. Mr. Lubell's *Future of American Politics,* published in 1952, remains the most illuminating analysis of the movements of political sentiment in this country written in recent years. Yet President Truman and Mr. Lubell are today in flat disagreement in their reading of the present temper of the country.

As Mr. Lubell sees it, "The people are in a conservative mood. They don't want 'more' so much as they would like to keep things as they are. Nobody wants war; nobody wants a depression. Few people even want reform. They are content to hold things as they are." Mr. Truman, on the other hand, evidently feels that the people are fed to the point of exasperation with government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich, and that they want more and better New Deals and Fair Deals in the interests of the worker, the farmer, and the small businessman.

Now undoubtedly much of what both Mr. Lubell and Mr. Truman contend is true. There are millions of people in this country who are satisfied with things as they are and see no need for change. And there are millions who are dissatisfied with things as they are and feel that government can do much more to equalize opportunities and benefits. Both groups have existed for a long time—the Republican vote has not fallen under 15 million or the Democratic under 20 million in the last generation—and there is no reason to assume that either has substantially diminished. What is important rather are the 20 or 25 million voters in the middle. How do they feel? Are they perfectly happy with society as it is? Or do their eyes light up and their hearts beat faster when they hear the slogans and appeals of the New Deal and Fair Deal?

One is compelled to conclude that for this middle group neither the analysis of Mr. Lubell nor that of



President Truman is wholly adequate. It is obvious that these people, most of whom live in tolerable economic circumstances and are not particularly mad at anybody, do not respond very strongly to the rhetoric of the liberalism of the 1930's. But it would seem equally obvious that they are by no means in a condition of unlimited spiritual equability. If there is anything plain about our middle-class society today, it is the evidence on every hand of widespread internal anxiety and discontent. Billy Graham and Senator McCarthy have both been beneficiaries of this tormenting uncertainty; the so-called religious revival is a significant manifestation of inner unrest; and, indeed, the role of President Eisenhower as a national father image only emphasizes the extent to which many Americans have become today passionate seekers after some form of spiritual reassurance.

It thus seems hard to deny that widespread discontent of some kind exists. It seems equally hard to assert that the liberalism of the 1930's has the answer to this discontent. Plainly the problem for the liberalism of the 1950's is to identify the sources of discontent and to develop a program and a philosophy capable of meeting the challenge of a new era.

### The Old Brand

The liberalism of this generation was born in the depression. It came of age at a time when social thought was urgently directed toward problems of unemployment, poverty, and want. Liberals were concerned with providing food for the hungry, shelter for the homeless, work for the jobless. The characteristic issues were those involved in refueling the economic machine, raising mass living standards, setting minimum wages, pegging farm prices, refinancing mortgages, vindicating collective bargaining, establishing systems of old-age insurance and social security. The liberals of the 1930's aspired to create a new society characterized by full employment, rising national income, and expanding economic opportunity.

Let me call this for a moment "quantitative liberalism." I mean by this that it was a liberalism that thought primarily—and necessarily—in quantitative terms. It had to deal with immediate problems of subsistence and survival. And it had another characteristic too. In dealing with these problems, it had to face the fierce resistance of the business community of the nation—an experience that stamped this liberalism with the conviction that the "special interests" were determined



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to block or sabotage every advance toward a more decent social order.

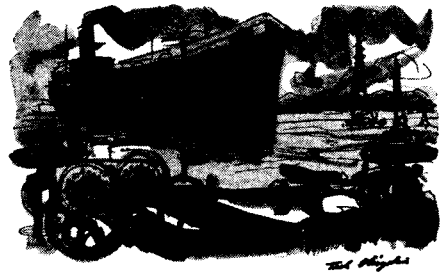
This liberalism was, in the main, a brilliant success. It overhauled the American economy, equipped it with a set of built-in safety devices and stabilizers, rolled back poverty, instituted a fair measure of social and economic security, and tamed and educated the business community. It laid the foundations for a new age in America.

But that new age is now largely upon us. And, ironically, it is the very success of the older liberalism that is the essential cause of its present irrelevance. For the experience of the 1930's gave it the assumption that poverty and reaction were the essential sources of social discontent—an assumption that is in part responsible for the bafflement of many liberals today, when both poverty and reaction have receded from the forefront of our national life. Suppose that the New Dealers of 1936 could have envisaged America twenty years later—a nation with nearly sixty-three million men and women at work, a gross national product of 387 billion a year, business progressive and enlightened, trade unions solid and respectable, minimum wages, maximum hours, and farm-price supports written into the law of the land. Transported into so rich and overflowing a society, they might well have supposed that the "more abundant life" had been at last achieved. If people had jobs, and unions, and enough to eat, and prospects for security in case of unemployment or old age—and if all this was accepted by the business community—what more could anyone ask? The dream of plenty seemed to promise a solution for all the problems of life.

TODAY we dwell in the economy of abundance—and our spiritual malaise seems greater than ever before. As a nation, the richer we grow, the more tense, insecure, and unhappy we seem to become. Yet too much of our liberal thought is still mired in the issues, the attitudes, and the rallying cries of the 1930's. It is as if Franklin Roosevelt and his associates, instead of inventing a New Deal of their own, had insisted on repeating the incantations of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom and Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism. Liberals today must be as alert in identifying the problems of the 1950's as the New Dealers, who were courageous and uninhibited thinkers, were alert in identifying the problems of the 1930's.

### New Strategies for New Wars

What is required today is a new liberalism, addressed to the miseries of an age of abundance. I would not mean to suggest by this for a moment that the job of "quantitative liberalism" is finished. There are unhappily still broad areas of poverty in our land. No American can be complacent when approximately four million American families are trying to make ends meet on incomes of less than $2,000 a year. The depressed areas in states like Massachusetts and West Virginia now threaten to become stagnant industrial slums. There is no excuse for the continued instability in farm income; and, even worse, there remain ugly splotches of grinding rural poverty where farm families live outside the price-support system. Yet, while there is still much to be done in completing the battle against poverty, the central problems of our time are no longer problems of want and privation; and the central sources of discontent are no longer, as they were in the 1930's, economic in character.



Liberalism in an age of abundance must begin shifting its emphasis. Instead of the quantitative liberalism of the 1930's, rightly dedicated to the struggle to secure the economic basis of life, we need now a "qualitative liberalism" dedicated to bettering the quality of people's lives and opportunities. Instead of talking as if the necessities of living—a job, a square meal, a suit of clothes, and a roof—were still at stake, we should be able to count that fight won and move on to the more subtle and complicated problem of fighting for individual dignity, identity, and fulfillment in a mass society. The new liberalism implies no repudiation of the old; rather it respects, accepts, and absorbs the triumphs of the New and Fair Deals, regards them as the basis for a new age of social progress, and seeks to move beyond them toward new goals of national development. Nor, should I add, does the distinction between "quantitative" and "qualitative" mean that one form of liberalism requires taxation and spending while the other is cheap and painless. Obviously progress in the "qualitative" area will require government initiative almost as much as the other. Yet a significant difference remains between the two in mood and approach.

The issues of 1956 are no longer the issues of 1933—the issues that made the difference between starvation and survival. Depression is dead as an issue, and will remain so until another depression revives it. The question whether trade unions should exist, whether business should be regulated, whether social security should be established—these are no longer issues. Even bigness in business and reaction in the business community, if issues now, take a new form and require a new attack. All these were part of the crisis of the 1930's. Thanks to the liberalism of the 1930's we have surmounted that crisis.

THE ISSUES of 1956 are those which make the difference between defeat and opportunity, between frustration and fulfillment, in the everyday lives of average persons. They have to do with education, with medical care, with more equal opportunities for minority groups, with the better planning of our cities and our suburbs, with slum clearance and decent housing, with the improvement of life for the sick and the aged, with the freedoms of speech, expression, and conscience, with the bettering of our mass media and the elevation of our popular culture—in short, with the *quality* of civilization to which our nation aspires in an age of ever-increasing abundance and leisure.

But issues are not enough. There



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is need too for a new spirit. The liberal program of the 1930's had necessarily to be presented in an atmosphere charged with class tension. The business community of the day was united and ruthless in its opposition to programs of liberal reform —an opposition whose imbecility is demonstrated by the fact that even the business community now back in power has not seriously tried to repeal a single basic New Deal measure. Nor did business behavior in the 1930's constitute a novelty in American history. The dislike of the "economic royalists" in Franklin Roosevelt's day corresponded to Theodore Roosevelt's detestation of the "malefactors of great wealth," to the Populist hatred of the trusts and the millionaires, and to Andrew Jackson's denunciations of "the rich and powerful." Nothing was more traditionally American about the New Deal than its conviction that the business community could not be trusted with undue power.

**Reformed 'Malefactors'**

But the business community assumes a more amiable appearance in this age of prosperity. Businessmen plainly have a broader recognition of their social responsibilities than they had twenty-five years ago; and some liberals even think they see in the business world the beginnings of a permanent business conscience. Of course, much the same things were being said about business—and business was saying exactly the same things about itself —at the height of the prosperity of the 1920's. We will know the extent of the change of heart only if economic adversity strikes again. Then we will see whether the business "conscience" will not be, as it was in 1929, the first thing jettisoned by businessmen struggling to keep their heads above water.

Still, for the moment, the old anti-business exhortations do not apply in the same way as they did in the 1930's. Where the older liberalism inveighed against business domination per se, the new liberalism must make a subtler point—that is, that government by a single interest is bad, whatever the nature of the interest. And, where the older liberalism rebelled against business rule in the name of the manifestly abused sections of society, the new liberalism can hardly hope to persuade people who do not feel themselves mistreated that they are, in fact, the slaves of an economic tyranny. What the new liberalism must do is again something that is more subtle and perhaps more edifying: It must make the point that our country can grow only if we develop a positive philosophy of the public interest to be asserted against the parochial interests of any special group.

It is the rehabilitation of a sense of the public interest that will provide the moral impetus for the new liberalism's legislative program. Here is a nation richer than ever before, and getting even richer every moment, and yet devoting a *decreasing* share of its wealth to the public welfare. Our gross national product rises; our shops overflow with gadgets and gimmicks; consumer goods of ever-increasing ingenuity and luxuriance pour out of our ears. But our schools become more crowded and dilapidated, our teachers more weary and underpaid, our playgrounds more crowded, our cities dirtier, our roads more teeming and filthy, our national parks more unkempt, our law enforcement more overworked and inadequate. And we wonder why, for example, we have a growing problem of juvenile delinquency!

While we let the production of consumer goods for the sake of profit achieve a sort of moral priority in our culture, our Federal government

is permitted to spend an average of $5 million a year since the war for slum clearance. While private wealth heaps up in our shops and homes, we refuse to undertake adequate programs to improve our schools, our hospitals, our cities, our natural resources, our public domain. While our business leaders, whose first duty is to make money for themselves, demand popular reverence as moral symbols and exemplars, those who serve us all—our public administrators, teachers, foresters, welfare officers, policemen, firemen (all, indeed, except our security officers)—are treated with condescension, when not with contempt.

The problem of rehabilitating the public sector of our national life is not financial. If our economic growth continues, and if we maintain taxes at current levels, we will have sizable funds available for public purposes. Each new $10 billion of national income should produce about $3 billion of new revenue. The issue is whether these gains of economic progress should be invested in the welfare of a few or in the general welfare. The Eisenhower Administration last year chose the welfare of the few, which is why the rich received tax reductions when the nation should have received schools, hospitals, and roads.

So long as we refuse to assert the general welfare against the false notion that the unlimited pursuit of profit will guarantee the general welfare, we can expect that, while we privately grow richer, our nation will grow in proportion poorer. While we overstuff ourselves as individuals, we will let the national plant run down. And it is the national plant—health, education, welfare, resources—on which our future so largely depends.

How to revive the conception of the general welfare, a conception sufficiently dear to the Founding Fathers that they inscribed it indelibly in the preamble to the Constitution? One thing is clear: that single-interest government is not likely to be the instrument of that revival. Single-interest government inevitably fosters that insidious optical illusion which leads sincere men to mistake their own for the public interest and to contend that what is good for General Motors is necessarily good for the country. A passion for the *general* welfare is far more likely to emerge from a government that represents the diverse interests of the American community—whose decisions are made not only by representatives of business but by representatives of farmers, workers, pro-



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fessional men, and even, if I may use the word, of intellectuals.

### The New Challenge

Many liberals will agree that there are plenty of things to be done, but will add that we must have a depression before the people will ever again give government a license for reform. But this suggestion is surely one more example of the extent to which liberal thought has become frozen in the mold of the 1930's. Richard Hofstadter has recently developed a distinction between "interest politics"—the clash of material aims and needs among competing blocs—and "status politics"—the clashes arising from status aspirations and discontents. As periods of depression breed interest politics, so periods of prosperity breed status politics; but the dynamics of status politics can lead to reform as well as reaction. Indeed, until the New Deal, nearly every great burst of progressive enthusiasm in American history came in a time of relative prosperity —the age of Jefferson, of Jackson, of the Progressives at the turn of the century. It is the sheerest defeatism to suppose that depression must be the prerequisite to reform.

What liberalism requires is a program sharply focused to meet the qualitative discontents of the present age. It requires a spirit that aims not to indict any group in the community as a special obstacle to change but rather to rally men of good will in all groups behind programs designed to improve life in America for all Americans—a spirit that seeks, in other words, not to divide the country and aggravate its tensions, but to unite it around a revitalized sense of the public interest.

ABOVE ALL it needs to commit itself to bringing about a new birth of freedom. In the first instance, this means equal rights for minorities. The great creative proposal of the Truman Administration in the domestic field was the civil-rights program of 1948 (though in time, perhaps, the Brannan farm plan and the Ewing health-insurance plan will receive new recognition). President Truman perceived that if the coalition forged by depression was breaking up, a new coalition might be brought into being by abundance —a coalition founded not on a common fear of poverty but on a common desire for opportunity. Assurance of equality of opportunity not only for Negroes but for all nationality groups must be an essential ingredient of the new liberalism.

And equally important is the issue of civil liberties. Now that the nonsense of the age of McCarthy has begun to clear away, there is a superb opportunity for men of conviction to consolidate the national sense of shame and to restore the Bill of Rights to its central position in our theory of society. The spectacle of the most powerful nation on earth frightening itself to death over Communists in its midst is as disgraceful as the spectacle of the richest country on earth pretending it cannot afford adequate systems of education, medical care, and housing. The United States in the last three years has succeeded in presenting both spectacles to a dismayed world.

I HAVE SAID nothing about foreign affairs. In the immediate future, of course, the issues of peace and war far overshadow problems of justice and polity at home. But it can be said that a truly creative and progressive American foreign policy can only come from a truly creative and progressive America. In a free state, foreign policy can rarely be more effective than the character of the nation that stands behind it. No magic of psychological warfare is likely to persuade the rest of the world that we are different from what we are.

We will thus probably require a reawakening of the liberal conscience and the liberal will at home before we can offer positive and compelling alternatives to the world. We cannot convincingly champion freedom before the world so long as we kick freedom around at home. We cannot convincingly champion equality abroad so long as we practice segregation at home. We cannot convincingly champion opportunity abroad when too many of our own people linger at home in cultural mediocrity and economic want. As we renew a fighting faith against the inequities of our own society, we will generate an enthusiasm that will reverberate across the world—as the New Deal made Franklin Roosevelt a world figure long before Hitler began his war. Nothing would go farther to restore world confidence in American leadership than a display of progressive conviction in our own society.

In its fundamentals, the liberal tradition in this nation is as old as the Republic itself. This tradition has been responsible for nearly all the acts of government that have contributed to the growth of freedom and opportunity in America. And its continuing vitality in the days since Jefferson and Jackson has been due to its perennial capacity to define new problems and acknowledge new challenges.

THE LIBERALISM of this generation has been for some years in the travail of redefinition. It is pointless, as some writers have rather self-righteously done, to dismiss contemporary liberalism as sterile and bankrupt because it hasn't come up with all the new answers overnight. Obviously the process of rethinking takes time, and it cannot be completed until the burden of responsibility gives thought the final instinct for reality. Liberalism seemed sterile and bankrupt in the 1920's, and even in the early years of the depression; but in the end it flowered in the New Deal.

Of course it is currently fashionable, among both liberals and conservatives, to patronize the New Deal. Still, if the liberals of our time can do half as well in meeting the problems of this age, they should be more than satisfied. But liberals will never meet the challenge of the 1950's until they realize that it is something essentially different from the challenge of the 1930's.



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# 2. The Scarcity Of Ideas

MAX ASCOLI

LIFE would be much easier for American liberals these days if Arthur Schlesinger's diagnosis of what's wrong with American liberalism were as sound as it is plausible.

There is a comfortable, cozy quality in his conception of liberalism. His assumptions, as I understand them, have been with us for so long that they have acquired an aura of near-truth. They can be listed:

1. The major obstacle to general welfare and democratic progress is the Business System, which fosters the selfish interests of the few unless, bridled by government, it is made to work in the interests of the many.

2. The people best suited to be in charge of bridling, general welfare, improvement, and betterment at large are the liberals.

3. The Federal government works in the interests of society as a whole—if enough liberals hold positions of power in it.

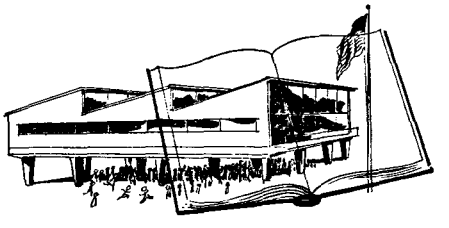
4. The progressive and bettering job can best be done by government taxing and government spending.

THERE ARE other assumptions that for a long time have been the stock in trade of American liberalism—first of all the one that in the indivisible interest of nation, government, and individual, progress is ultimately inevitable. But lately the optimistic progressivism of many a liberal has been darkened by some reading of Reinhold Niebuhr. Moreover, the New Deal has made such pragmatists of all liberals that they shun adherence to any general theory—including pragmatism. They tend to shy away from problems that do not lend themselves to quick solutions. This is one reason why they prefer to stick to strictly domestic causes and remedies of our nation's ailments, as Schlesinger shows.

There are some other people—liberals and not-so-liberals—who are inclined to think that the widespread restlessness and spiritual malaise of our days is influenced and may even be caused by the precarious state of world affairs. But, if I understand Schlesinger correctly, the issue of war and peace which so overshadows all others "in the immediate future" should not—even in the present—distract us from curing our political and spiritual malaise through increased government spending. It would seem that McCarthy's rise to fame and Billy Graham's immense popularity were determined by inadequate housing projects and other inconveniences that qualitative liberalism can eliminate.

### Leviathan on Parole

Since the Republicans came to power, assumption No. 1 has been temporarily qualified, for this businessmen's Administration, aside from taking some liberties with natural resources and tinkering with agricultural price supports, has failed to wreck the reforms of the New Deal. Schlesinger has put the Business System on probation: It all depends on how it behaves if and when a depression comes. At present, however, businessmen are in control of the



government, in violation of assumptions Nos. 2, 3, and 4. A few liberals say that the greedy old Leviathan is acquiring something like a human soul. But Schlesinger keeps his fingers crossed.

The curious thing about this jaundiced view, widespread among American liberals, is that it considers the Business System both irredeemable and indestructible. The way of all business is to be profit-hungry in the interest of the selfish few. As in the Calvinistic concept of human destiny, there is no escape from this original sin. The only thing we can do is to be aware of it and, at times, manage to check it by keeping liberals in positions of governmental power. Our liberals recoil from any dream of ultimate redemption in a socialist heaven or purgatory.

This is why they deeply resent—and right they are—being accused of crypto- or creeping socialism. They have no socialist blueprint on hand, no timetable for the verification of a predetermined pattern of history. In fact, it is doubtful that they have much of a concept of history at all. Some may have flirted vaguely with socialist theories in their youth, just as some at present—particularly those who have had an opportunity to become familiar with Big Business—give serious evidence of crypto- or creeping capitalism.

By and large, however, all through depression and prosperity, New and Fair Deal, there has been little change in the liberal attitude toward the Business System. It is still considered, actually and potentially, the major obstacle to general welfare. It is to be the object of constant watching and constant nagging. But since it is to stay with us forever, it is to be looked at with gentle, sad, routinized hatred.

### Private Governments

If Schlesinger's article is to some degree representative—as I think it is—the liberal world is an enviably simple one. There is the Business System, there is the individual, and there is the government, which, whenever managed or influenced by liberals, can somehow redress the inequities of the Business System toward the individual. The other large-scale organizations catering to the masses' needs are in general objects either of sympathy or of scant attention. The private, nongovernmental entities that purport to represent the interests of the individual are seldom accused, as business is, of being self-perpetuating and selfish. This is the case with political machines—with the possible exception of Republican ones—as it is with interstate authorities. Other instances are Federally established authorities for power development and flood control of the TVA type. But the most



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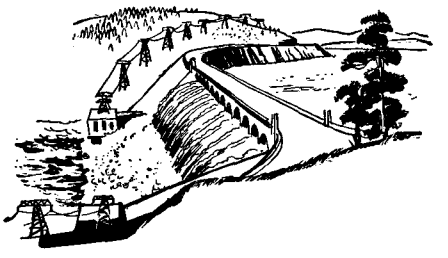
cherished instance is labor. To the American liberal, labor is a prize exhibit of what is public-spirited, innately democratic, and good.

In this liberal mythology, labor had a prominent role even before the New Deal actually succeeded in fostering the enrollment of millions of workers into the trade unions. This was one of the major advances of Schlesinger's "quantitative liberalism," and led to the improvement of the workers' lot. But at present, at the time when "qualitative liberalism" should get started, Big Labor controls such a huge hunk of the workers' rights, welfare, and destiny that it may be properly called private government—obviously as fallible and as exposed to the temptations of power as that other private government which goes by the name of Big Business.

Yet there is not much evidence that American liberalism is ready or even disposed to tackle the intricacies of private government. There are vast areas of national life where new forms of power have entrenched themselves, unrestrained or inadequately restrained either by the Federal government or by the states. This applies eminently to Big Business, of course, but also to Big Labor, to the Federal and interstate authorities, and to many other public and private agencies, all of which exert sovereign influences on the citizen's life.

A man's job, the security of his job, the welfare funds that are to take care of his old age and sickness, his hope of getting adequate lodging, the condition of his neighborhood—all these crucial matters are dependent on decisions made by holders of power who can be forced only with difficulty to give an accounting of their stewardships. Actually, the multiplicity of the centers of power, public and private, territorial or functional, formal or informal, vertical or horizontal, has become so complex and unruly that it is hard to define the few zones where representative democracy still works according to the established principles of limited and responsible authority. Moreover, we have entirely new forms of power that operate with frightening effectiveness not at representing but at molding the people's opinions and habits.

Feudalism is the proper name for the system, or lack of system, that rules us. Only a very few liberals—Adolf Berle outstanding among them—are aware of such a state of affairs. Schlesinger too feels something is wrong, but his answer is that more



Federal spending is needed, more taxes—and a greater expansion of the Federal bureaucracy.

Most of our liberals do not seem to worry about the dangers of an ever-expanding bureaucracy—particularly if it is the one of Big Government. Yet occasionally, some unusually farsighted liberal, like Franklin Roosevelt, has acknowledged how risky it is to expand the system of Federal controls, since the controlling or regulatory agencies may fall into the hands of people who can hardly be called liberals. Indeed, this has been the experience over and over again, following the ebb of a progressive or reforming wave. Our Business System would never have become so resilient and articulate had it not been for the regulatory agencies, which were first established to harness it. Invariably, with the coming to power of a conservative Administration, Big Business has drawn strength from its control of the harnessing equipment.

But there is no sign that an allergy toward Big Government has developed among our liberals, if for no other reason than that they are waiting for the next political upheaval that may give them a chance to gain control of Big Government and make it bigger. Usually such a chance comes after a depression. But now Schlesinger tells us that there is no reason why the liberals' reforming skill should be practiced on the government only in the wake of a depression. True, he admits, the liberals haven't done much thinking lately, but, he adds, under the burden of responsibility they will surely think.

**What Price Abundance?**

The need for sustained, hard thought about how our freedoms can be preserved and invigorated could not be more pressing—a need that is in direct relation to the well-being that an unprecedentedly large number of citizens enjoy and to the multitudinous complexity of the institutions that service them. Each one of these service institutions exacts a price that can hardly be measured in terms of the dollars and cents it charges; each demands allegiance on the part of the citizens.

What is, for instance, the real price we pay for the entertainment or the diversions provided at nominal cost or at no cost by the media of mass communication? Are our lives enriched or desiccated by them? What do we actually pay for the gadgets we think we buy at bargain prices—all these things which according to Schlesinger "pour out of our ears"—even when the payment is cash on the barrelhead? What is the cost of goods we acquire with token payments for token ownership?

It is the function of government—or at least it should be—to see to it that prices be fair and the ultimate cost to the community not exorbitant. This, however, because of the extraordinary degree to which our economy is based on confidence, and because of the never-ending commitments and relationships the citizens get into or are taken in—this is becoming a function with which government can scarcely keep up.

Yet lest we become driven by forces over which we have no measure of control, some order must be made out of this chaos. The powers that rule us and weigh on us—this increasingly cumbersome and increasingly secret government in which all the bureaucracies of government, of business, of labor, of religion, of education, of philanthropy, of entertainment, et cetera, combine to increase their hold on us—must be made limited, representative, and responsible lest our freedom turn out to be a rather ghostly thing. Our individual freedom is frittered away or mortgaged out at such a remorseless pace that at times the symbolic celebration of it in an election booth seems as incongruous



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as the re-enactment of a medieval pageant.

Liberals, incidentally, are supposed to have something to do with freedom. They are not necessarily the seasonal journeymen of Big Government, and liberalism is not supposed to mean the dispensation of government liberalities. Liberals are supposed to be at work whenever and wherever our freedoms are stunted.

There can be no more dangerous illusion for liberals than the continued adherence to the notion that the major protagonists of the human comedy are the individual and the government—the official political government which seems to have no other way of establishing its authority over its too many competitors than by getting bigger. Gone are the days when government was the only Leviathan standing in front of the individual, and gone also are the days when it made any remote sense to think that if good men were in control of this one big Leviathan, then there would be no further obstacle to ever-increasing prosperity and freedom.

THE AGENDA for American liberalism is as vast as it is compelling. American liberalism must acquire a far greater sophistication toward power and learn how not to hate and not to love it. The liberals' anti-business demonology is about as outdated as their—alas—frequently platonic love of government.

On the agenda of American liberalism a major item should be the delimitation of the various powers and governments now on the loose. We cannot rely optimistically on the hope that they will automatically balance and contain each other. Neither can we assume that the checking, containing job can be the monopoly of the Federal government. Among other reasons, some of these powers—eminently those which provide us with food for our tables and gas for our cars—are international or supranational in scope.

If liberty is to survive, the new feudalism which rules us must be replaced by a federal system, in which the economic and occupational powers—like those of business and labor—may become interlocked with the old ones of a political and geographic nature. Practices of diplomacy and administration must be developed that will allow each one of these governments, old and new, to work with responsible independence in its own and the commonwealth's interests.

In the sphere of old-fashioned or political government itself there are vast zones that ought to be resettled. Our huge metropolitan areas, for instance, are at the same time ungoverned and subjected to overlapping, wasteful governments. Our regions are not any longer just geographical names but have acquired a powerful economic reality; yet there is no evidence that anything is in the making that can be called regional government, with its own specific, limited authority. Our state governments collect every year more than fifteen billion dollars; yet they manage to operate so quietly that, to all intents and purposes, they have become an instance of semi-secret government.

### The Crowded Center

Any list of "oughts" and "musts," of reforms and revaluations that are needed, indeed imperative, is bound to be dismissed as entirely theoretical and impractical—egghead stuff. Everybody wants to be a realist these days, including the eggheads, who don't want to have their utterances answered by silence or by yawns.

The few items on the liberal agenda that I have hinted at have all to do with governments, public

and private. But it will be said there is no use defining the relationship all these governments have among themselves and the impact they exert together on the citizens, since by and large the whole thing works spectacularly well. Our only trouble is abundance.

Why should anybody complain that this wondrous system of government we have is not only unwritten and informal but also unknown to those who operate it? What of it? Aren't we prosperous? Isn't the large majority of our people now increasingly conservative and firmly unwilling to have the existing order of things tinkered with by reforms? "Qualitative liberalism" will give not merely to a majority but to the whole citizenry the chance to be conservative. After that, I imagine, we shall sit down contentedly and contemplate the steady growth of our fat.

YET there are still some liberals like myself who think that the fair or fairer distribution of well-being among the citizens should be one but by no means the major concern of liberals. For I believe it is the function of liberals—indeed, it is what entitles them to that name—to keep constant watch over all the agencies that are supposed to serve the individual and, if need be, to overhaul them, seeing to it that the individual is equally provided with the opportunity to play a role in the societies he belongs to and with the right to be left alone by them.

But, again, it is said we never had it so good; no other nation on earth ever had it so good. American liberals, so it seems, find no reason to object that our country is ruled by an oligarchy of feudal barons—the barons of government, of politics, of industry, of labor, of philanthropy, and so on. After all, the roster of the leading barons can be read on the letterhead of any nation-wide organization established to further any not-too-controversial, do-goodish cause. Moreover, quite a few of these barons had a liberal future in their pasts.

The barons, and the whole nation behind them, are magnificently united in the middle of the road, so huddled around the vital or dead center that, as we can see these days, it takes a considerable effort of partisan public relations to find enough differences between liberal conservatives and conservative liberals to provide the nation with a little electoral excitement and fun.

Schlesinger, a practical man, fully acknowledges the conservative, non-radical mood of the country. He agrees with the stated and restated Lubell diagnosis, but he believes that if the Truman technique of 1948 is used again, American conservatism can be brought—for keeps—under liberal management. He



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brings the spiritual element into the picture for reasons still unclear to me—unless he too is swayed by that revival of all words having to do with the spirit or with religion which is so masterfully managed by our President and Secretary of State.

Schlesinger's article could serve as a succinct program for any Presidential candidate, were it not that his two key words, "qualitative" and "quantitative," are somewhat over the people's heads. Or maybe these two words can be used with equal effectiveness the other way around, since, if I understand Schlesinger correctly, he wants more quantity of the New-Fair Deal quality distributed to more people.

### Back to Fortress America

Be that as it may, what really stirred me to pick a quarrel with Schlesinger was the offhand way in which he brushed off the impact of international affairs on the fortunes, well-being, and freedom of our country. Maybe what's new and surprising is not the new phase of liberalism he advocates but the rebirth of a virtuous "I-am-unholier-than-thou" isolationism. The idea that before getting messed up in other people's business, we ought to put our own house in order and realize in all its fullness the American dream is an old boiler plate of liberal rhetoric. It has come back into circulation lately, but at no time, because of the conditions prevailing at home and abroad, has it been so dangerous and foolish.

In Schlesinger's argument, as I see it, "the issues of peace and war" loom large on the horizon "in the immediate future," but this infatuation should be brought to an early end. According to him, we need qualitative liberalism at home "before" propounding democracy or liberalism abroad. That "before" must mean that Khrushchev and Bulganin should be invited to take a rest and see to it that Communism is well implanted in their country before propagating it abroad. In fact, for those inclined to think this way, the time should be ripe: If the issue is just one of war and peace, the chances of war seem to have dwindled, while peace is still far off. Why shouldn't we take advantage of such a hiatus to leave wretchedly ungrateful allies to their destiny, and

price ourselves out of the world market?

Schlesinger is not only skeptical about the role of international affairs in our nation's life now; he makes his skepticism retroactive. A historian of Roosevelt and of the New Deal, he seems to forget that in 1939 there were still ten million unemployed in our labor market. It is quite true, as he puts it, that in 1936 no New Dealer could possibly have envisaged the rich and overflowing society of today. For how could anyone at that time have imagined that our full employment and abundance would be obtained as a by-product of the effort to counteract two extraneous agents—first Adolf Hitler, then Joseph Stalin?

The infatuation with peace and war still seems to play some role in keeping our economy in high gear. In this year 1956, of each dollar spent by the government sixty-one cents go to check Communism. Since the end of the war, more than $363 billion has gone for our own and our Allies' protection. Of this tidy sum, I suppose more than a trickle has helped to keep business humming at home.

It is rather peculiar to see how Schlesinger is now falling into line with those who ignore the part military expenditure has been playing in energizing the nation's economy. Perhaps isolationism, like middle-of-the-roadism, has spread throughout our prosperous, predominantly middle-class nation. Perhaps isolationism had been only temporarily knocked out by the impact of this national emergency of unlimited duration, just as happens with some of the most evil viruses under the onslaught of antibiotics.

Our system of alliances is in danger of falling apart. But here comes the new twist: Why not accept this trend as irreversible and make the best of it? Even for our defense, it is said, the need for foreign bases has become more than questionable, for we now have intercontinental bombers and soon we shall have intercontinental missiles. David Lawrence in his *U.S. News & World Report* never neglects a chance to show how hopeless is our situation abroad and how mischievous are the Allied leaders. The justifications for the drive back to Fortress America are many, according to the nature of the various groups, but the drive is unquestionably on. Herbert Hoover can now afford to keep quiet, as he has found a large number of new disciples.

It may be somewhat disheartening to find that liberals too are moving gingerly toward Fortress America, but by no means surprising. Intervention in both World Wars—and particularly in the First—was bitterly opposed by large groups of our liberals, and their forebodings have been at least partly vindicated by what happened to them in the aftermath of both wars.

After the last war, American liberals did not have very much to contribute to the establishment of a new peace in the world that had become largely dependent on American initiative and means. Not much—aside from a few patented American prescriptions like TVA, trade unions unsoiled by class consciousness, and trust busting. There was also a large export of a curious watered-down Marxism, fervently advocated by internationalists of all political denominations—the firm belief that for any people, under any circumstances, the improvement of living conditions and the march toward democracy are one and the same thing.

Now some extraordinarily hard thinking is needed if the new Communist rampage is to be stopped and the network of alliances is to be rewoven around new supranational institutions. It is not surprising, therefore, that there are American liberals who do not relish this prospect and think that there is no use in taking up new troubles when a little bit of hell raising, a new moderate spurt of business baiting, can bring them back into power. Once they were in power, of course, the nation would become further iso-



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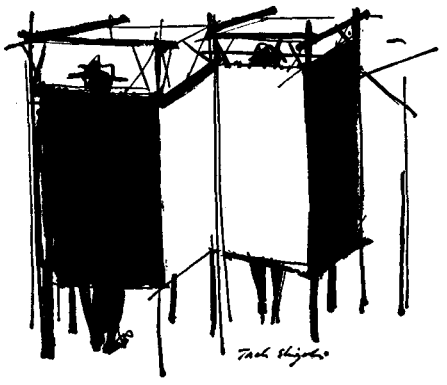
lated from the rest of the world—isolated not only by its wealth and by its widespread conservatism but also by its liberalism, both quantitative and qualitative.

All this would be attractive enough, at least to some, and the prospect of an ever-increasing, evenly distributed prosperity very alluring, were it not for two or three bothersome obstacles. The threat of Soviet Russia is not the greatest of these obstacles. The power, the freedom, even the prosperity of our country are in danger because our system of government—that queer coexistence of governments and baronies—makes for the constantly diminishing freedom of the individual, who is the only bearer of freedom. Everyone who calls himself a liberal should know this. Our nation, far from being the only one afflicted by this unruly, unfree state of affairs, shares it with all the other democracies.

The conclusion, at least for liberals, should be that they must enter upon their task of reversing the trend and making freedom operational both at home and abroad—for there is no line of demarcation between home and abroad.

MAYBE I'm all wrong. Maybe I'm just hearing things, and Schlesinger, who is a realist, has the answer. All that the future of American liberalism needs, for itself and for the world, is that America remain prosperous and free. Schlesinger is paraphrasing Secretary Wilson and, as becomes a scholar, is bringing the Wilsonian principle into a near-universal or at least worldwide context: If liberals regain control of the government, then what's good for America is good for the world.



## AT HOME & ABROAD

# *Secretary McKay Becomes Candidate McKay*

**A. ROBERT SMITH**

IF DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is as candid as Harry S. Truman in writing the memoirs of his Administration, possibly he will disclose how it happened that at the outset of the 1956 election year one of his more controversial Cabinet members, Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, packed up and went home to Oregon.

Was it because the President's political advisers told him McKay was the only man who could lick Senator Wayne Morse in the election? Or was it a welcome opportunity to rid the Cabinet of a man whom conservationists and Democrats had tagged as a major target for criticism in his Administration? Some of the evidence is conflicting, but one thing is certain: The maneuver was executed by the top men around the President, if not by Mr. Eisenhower himself, in a matter of a few very eventful hours.

The immediate result of McKay's unexpectedly sudden exit to challenge Morse was to teach Oregon's voters and some of its more naïve politicians a good deal about the ways of professional politics on the Washington level, and in the process to set off an intraparty Republican squabble.

IF MCKAY wins his party's nomination in the May 18 primary, the resulting campaign for Morse's seat will be an interesting one to watch—a political grudge fight between two men who are the two best vote getters and the two worst enemies in the state. But to take for granted that McKay will be nominated by the Republicans is to overlook the effect of the curious episode that projected him into the race at the eleventh hour.

"The issue in the May 18 primary election is whether the Republicans will pick their own candidate or let the national Republican party organization dictate who the candidate will be," argued Republican State Senator W. Lowell Steen.

Steen is campaigning for the man McKay must beat in the primary, Philip S. Hitchcock, former state senator and now religious and public-relations director of Lewis and Clark College in Portland. The charge that McKay is the hand-picked candidate of the national G.O.P. organization, whether it catches on to Hitchcock's advantage or not, is based on the peculiar way in which the Secretary of the Interior was plunged into a race he did not personally choose to run.

### 'Car Peddler'

Doug McKay was a poor boy who struck it rich selling Chevrolets and Cadillacs in Oregon's capital city of Salem. A peppery little man of effusive good humor and geniality and utterly without social pretense, McKay never stopped telling the folks back home that working for President Eisenhower was the greatest honor in the world for a fellow who was just a "car peddler," as he liked to describe himself. It is no exaggeration to say that Douglas McKay worshiped Dwight D. Eisenhower and took whatever orders came his way cheerfully and without question.

Oregon, still provincial enough to delight in having a man who can help put it on the map, had proudly sent Governor McKay to Washington as its second native son to sit in a President's Cabinet. And so on the misty morning of March 9, when Doug McKay, home from Washing-



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ton, announced he was quitting the Cabinet to run for the Senate, most Oregonians were shocked.

HERE ARE the events that led up to McKay's homeward trek in one fateful week:

*Monday, March 5*: In an hour-long interview, McKay told me he had no future plans other than to submit his resignation next January 20 and let Mr. Eisenhower decide whether he wanted to make a change. His fondest hope was to retire soon to private life, for at sixty-two he had known little rest from public service since being elected mayor of Salem in 1933 and going up the political ladder via the state legislature and the governorship. During three years in Washington he developed no symptoms of "Potomac fever" and evinced no desire to serve in Congress—"a job for a younger man," he frequently told friends who spoke of their desire to have him unseat Senator Morse, the former Republican who became a Democrat.

The acid test of McKay's personal desires came after the sudden death January 31 of Governor Paul Patterson, generally regarded as the most popular Republican in the state and the man the G.O.P. had been banking on to unseat Morse. Dead of a heart attack only three days after announcing his intention to run for the Senate, Patterson left no obvious successor to the assignment of tackling Morse—except McKay. But McKay said "No" with all the firmness at his command. And as of March 5, five weeks after Patterson's death and only four days before the filing deadline, no one had succeeded in persuading McKay to change his mind. Oregon party officials were preparing for a campaign in which either Hitchcock or Lamar Tooze, a Portland attorney, would emerge as their Senatorial candidate.

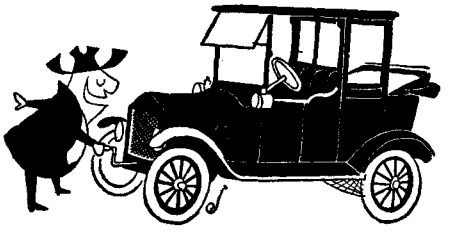
*Tuesday, March 6*: McKay repeated to the Associated Press substantially what he had told me Monday about his future plans.

*Wednesday, March 7*: McKay had breakfast with Leonard Hall, Republican National Chairman, who reported that a public-opinion firm hired by the national committee to take a sampling in Oregon had found McKay to be the people's choice. In counseling McKay to resign from the Cabinet to run against Morse, Hall was carrying out what earlier in the week had been agreed upon as a wise political move by the President's closest advisers, including Sherman Adams and Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr. McKay left the breakfast table unconvinced but during the day casually sounded out his close associates at the Interior Department. He said he would talk it over with Mrs. McKay that night at dinner. Mrs. McKay, a devoted grandmother, had never made a secret of her preference for her children and flowers back home in Salem as opposed to the social whirl in Washington.

That night, as McKay was talking it over with his wife, Brownell was talking it over with a group of prominent Republicans. One of them later said Brownell indicated that the men around the President were confident that although McKay was dragging his feet, he would be on the way out shortly and would lighten the political load the Eisenhower Administration must carry into the fall election by one very controversial member of the Cabinet. They were led to believe the President himself would give McKay his orders if the Secretary declined to volunteer.

After I reported this in the Oregon press, Brownell called me to his office to say that he had never made any such statements. It was true that he had agreed with Adams and Hall that McKay should go back to Oregon—but he said it was only because they regarded him as the strongest man to beat Wayne Morse.

*Thursday, March 8*: McKay arrived at the White House for an 11 A.M. appointment with Eisenhower, but what his frame of mind was is in dispute. AP's Jack Bell was told by an informed G.O.P. official that "McKay went to the White House determined not to re-enter the battle for elective office," and that McKay two days before had "told friends nothing could change his mind."



Later McKay explained that he was encouraged by Adams and Hall but had made his own decision to run. He said the President personally did not tell him what to do but was "pleased" with his decision.

By late afternoon McKay was flying to Oregon to file for the U.S. Senate. Slipping into Portland unnoticed through the use of a pseudonym on the airline passenger list, McKay was home for what he thought was a prearranged maneuver. Part of the sales talk, if it was that, which preceded his departure from Washington was an assurance that the other Republican candidates would pull out of the race in his favor.

*Friday, March 9*: Hitchcock and Tooze were called into a morning conference with McKay at his hotel before reporters discovered he was in town. All three were confounded by the situation when it was discovered that neither of McKay's guests knew anything of his plan to enter the race. Neither, it developed, did G.O.P. State Chairman Wendell Wyatt. Neither did McKay's closest political adviser, William L. Phillips of Salem, who is now his campaign manager. Tooze eased the tension by agreeing to withdraw immediately. But not Hitchcock. It was at this point that reporters stumbled upon the scene and were told by McKay that the situation was confused and still he didn't know whether he would run or not.

### 'Dear Doug'

After the press wires flashed to Washington word of McKay's indecision, a series of long-distance telephone conversations ensued between Sherman Adams, who had an announcement of McKay's departure all set for White House release at 3 P.M.; Leonard Hall, who at the national committee was getting a running account of what was going on in Portland; and McKay, who explained rather plaintively to Adams that Hitchcock "refuses to withdraw." The confusion was short-lived, although Adams did have to move his release time back an hour. At 4 P.M. it was announced simultaneously in Washington and Portland that McKay was leaving the Cabinet to run for the Senate.

The White House release was a "Dear Doug" letter from the Presi-



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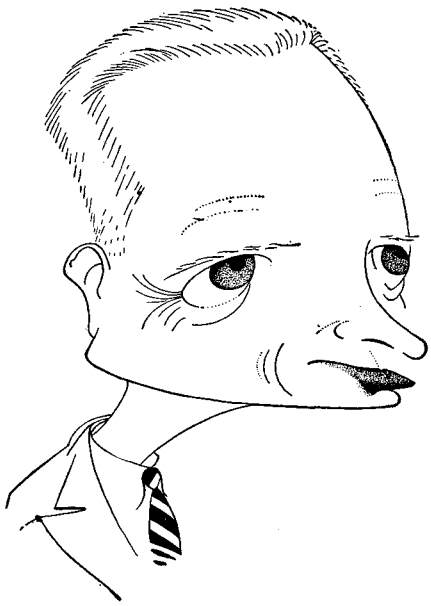

*Adams*

*Morse*

*Hall*

dent dated Thursday, March 8, which said: "Your decision . . . is worthy of the highest commendation." He wrote that "As a member of the United States Senate you will add a great deal to the working strength we need and must have in order to carry out the objectives of the administration."

Hitchcock, under the law, had seventy-two hours from Friday's filing deadline to withdraw. Over that weekend the pressure mounted on him to pull out. The substantial financial commitments for his campaign made earlier were withdrawn overnight. McKay said Cabinet commitments precluded his engaging in a primary contest, for he didn't see how he could leave Washington until June 1.

But Hitchcock determined to stick it out, and fresh financial commitments have replenished his war chest to allow him to put on an all-out campaign, stumping the state by private plane. And McKay, with a primary contest on his hands, found he could wind up his affairs much sooner—by April 15, in fact—to return to Oregon for the campaign.

### 'My Duty to Oregon . . .'

Hitchcock supporters were not alone in raising the issue of whether Oregon Republicans should accept the dictates of party brass in Washington. Editor Charles A. Sprague of the *Oregon Statesman* at Salem, a former Republican governor and regarded by many as the most distinguished editorial writer in the state, put it this way:

"The *Statesman* objects to the commissioning of a candidate by the Republican national chairman or by the White House as was done with McKay, to the extent of having a special letter of commendation written by the President. . . . We think Hitchcock should stay in the race both because of his splendid qualifications and to repudiate the notion that Oregon is a province of the GOP GHQ."

With rumblings such as this continuing after he had returned to Washington, McKay flew back to Oregon a few days later to confer with his strategists and to issue a statement which was designed to put everything to rights for once and for all:

"It was the opinion of Oregon voters and not the insistence of party leaders in Oregon or Washington that determined my decision," he explained, referring to a poll he said was taken only a few days before the filing deadline.

"When this poll showed the apparent wish of the man in the street that I make the race, I agreed to run. I then discussed it with President Eisenhower. There was not time for further discussion with state leaders and I boarded a plane for Oregon. . . . My decision was based upon my convictions of my duty to Oregon, to President Dwight D. Eisenhower and the principles for which he stands."

NEITHER the extent of the poll nor its precise result has ever been made public. The national committee declined to discuss it. Brownell said he knew nothing of such a poll. In Oregon I heard it was a sampling of four hundred residents of Portland.

Democrats have had a small field day with this episode ever since it occurred, although in their public display of delight they have probably helped minimize the G.O.P. split in the state. Democratic State Chairman Howard Morgan said of the tough campaign ahead for McKay, "No one in history has ever taken on this much hard work in order to get fired gracefully." Democratic National Committeeman Monroe Sweetland said it reminded him of "an Old Testament captain named Uriah, whom the king wanted to be rid of [and who] was ordered into front-line combat."

Senator Richard L. Neuberger, Oregon's freshman Democrat and a biting McKay critic, told the Senate it was "ruthless intrusion" into Oregon politics by the "White House hierarchy." He said it made "pallid and mild by comparison any part in a state race that ever took place under Franklin D. Roosevelt."

When Neuberger said he couldn't be sure whether the Administration was dumping McKay or really felt



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he was the best man to take on Wayne Morse, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois asked whether the McKay incident didn't parallel the "practice in the former German empire that if a figure around the court of Kaiser Wilhelm became unpopular, he was sent to the most dangerous portion of the western front."

**'Lot of Hot Air'**

I asked Brownell whether McKay had been "sent to the front" because of criticism leveled against him by Democrats and conservationists who contend that McKay has presided over a "giveaway" to special private interests of the nation's natural resources held under government custody by the Interior Department.

"I don't think that entered into it at all," replied Brownell.

Brownell said he thinks the giveaway charge is a "lot of hot air" and that McKay's record will "stand extensive scrutiny." He said he didn't see how it could be considered politically wise to drop McKay from the Cabinet for political reasons and at the same time urge him into a tough Senate contest which Republicans want very badly to win.

"If these charges [against McKay] had taken hold at all, they would have taken hold in the Pacific Northwest," said the Attorney General. "And if that were so, I don't see how he could have made the strongest candidate against Morse. The two ideas are just inconsistent. I think McKay will make a powerful candidate."

Now some Republicans are beginning to scratch their heads over McKay's powerful candidacy, for in mid-April—a month after McKay was projected into combat—Hitchcock had surged ahead of him in eastern Oregon's farm belt, an AP survey showed.

Some observers think the White House may have wrought better than it knew when it sent McKay packing. It is not impossible that dispatching McKay to the Oregon campaign front may turn out to have been an unwitting master stroke by which the controversial McKay is retired in the primary and Wayne Morse, deprived of an easy target, is given the toughest race of his career by Hitchcock.

# *The Golden Age Of Buy Now, Pay Later*

**BRUCE BLIVEN, Jr.**

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA, struck my wife and me as surprisingly indifferent toward the big new amusement park Walt Disney has built in its midst. The owner of the motel we stayed in, for instance, seemed almost to resent the capacity business he was doing. "They all want to see that Disneyland," he explained, and he sounded as if the thought both depressed and disgusted him.

We were surprised, furthermore, that downtown, perhaps half a mile from the park, there was almost no visible evidence of Disneyland's existence—no posters, placards, flags, or bunting. The drug and stationery stores were not selling Disneyland souvenirs. There weren't even signs at the main intersections to tell motorists how to find the sixty-acre "magic kingdom" which attracts nearly twenty thousand visitors a day, more than half the present population of Anaheim itself.

But after we had stayed in Anaheim a few days and had talked to a number of the residents, we realized that the town isn't really sore at Disneyland. Anaheim is simply preoccupied with other matters, and too busy to pay Disneyland much attention.

The town is in the throes of an extraordinary real-estate boom. Greater Los Angeles, a jumbled composite of homes, highways, factories, and stores, has now oozed out twenty-five miles in a southwesterly direction from its own center. The expanding blob assimilates whatever it encounters. And just now, Anaheim is a particle in the process of being absorbed.

California is the fastest-growing of the states, and Anaheim is in the fastest-growing section of California's fastest-growing metropolis. The frenzy of bulldozing, wrecking, building, and landscaping that dominates Anaheim, while it may be a lot like what's happening to once-peaceful little towns on the commutable borders of many other big cities in other parts of the country, is probably just a little more frenzied than anywhere else. Los Angeles expands along its superhighways in the same sort of way that New York City, years ago, followed the tentacles of its subway system. The particular speedway responsible for Anaheim's boom is called the Santa Ana Freeway, Santa Ana being the next small city beyond Anaheim to the southeast. The new road put Anaheim less than an hour's drive from downtown Los Angeles and thereby set off the building boom—although, confusingly enough, few Anaheimers work in downtown Los Angeles, or have any particular incentive to go there. The town's new accessibility also proved attractive to Disneyland, Inc.

IN 1940 Anaheim was a placid little community of eleven thousand persons, largely a shopping and professional-services center for the surrounding orange, lemon, and avocado ranches. Its present population is about thirty-five thousand, and it is expected to reach seventy thousand by 1960. But Center Street, the main street, has been preserved virtually intact.

Lack of parking space has been the preservative. Center Street is flanked on both sides by residential districts, the houses on the side streets starting a block or so off the main thoroughfare. There is no room for big parking lots, and consequently there has been hardly any commercial building in recent years. The new supermarkets and shopping centers are on the town's outskirts.

So are the new residential developments. The boom is filling in the open areas between Anaheim and the neighboring towns of Olive, Fullerton, Buena Park, Cypress, Garden Grove, and Santa Ana. Unless you know just where the city limits are, you can hardly be sure whether the



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latest construction is really part of Anaheim. On every side of town, however, the flat acres of citrus groves are being bulldozed clear of trees and subdivided into speculative real-estate tracts.

The clusters of single-level five- and six-room houses are mostly in what is now the cheapest class, priced at from $12,000 to $18,000. An average tract contains something like forty houses, all of one fundamental design and all of one price. Instead of sitting in rows, the lots front on a semicircular or winding road, and the individual houses, varied as much as possible in details like roof color and window trim, are set at odd angles on their lots to avoid, as far as possible, the look of mass production. They have been selling just about as fast as they can be built.

### Fluorescence and Assimilation

Most of the tracts are quite good-looking. Given the fierce competition among developers, they have to be because house hunters know that there are at least ten other models in the same class within a few minutes' drive. The roads are crowded with families in automobiles making comparison shopping tours.

The developers have to work to catch prospective customers. The real-estate pages of the local newspapers carry big display advertisements explaining the advantages of one tract over the next, and the directions given in the ads are reinforced, in the vicinity of the actual site, by a proliferation of billboards. The highways approaching Anaheim, particularly the Santa Ana Freeway from Los Angeles, are lined with big signs extolling the merits of such places as Magnolia Estates ("Forever House, America's Most Honored House"), Forward Homes ("For the Young at Heart"), President Manor ("French Provincial Homes for the Executive"), Paradise Square ("A Joy Forever"), Katella Park ("Breathtaking All-Electric GE Kitchen in Color"), Gilbert Estates ("Luxury Living at Low Cost"), Sherwood Forest ("Swimming Pool Optional"), and Signature Homes ("Just Your Signature Moves You In").

Some developers use twenty-four-sheet billboards in series of as many as ten or fifteen, spaced a few yards apart along the shoulder of the road like the little Burma Shave signs, with each billboard in a series concentrating on another of their tract's virtues. And since a great many of the poster artists have used fluorescent ink or paint which glares like a neon tube in sunlight or in an automobile's headlights, the over-all effect is dazzling.

Tract names are for advertising purposes only. The moment the last house in the tract is disposed of, down come the billboards, and no one ever again mentions the subdivision's glorious title. As the carefully watered grass grows, obliterating the line between this and the adjoining tracts, they become merely anonymous parts of the latest built-up area.

### The Expanding Kitchen

Judging by the evidence of the tract houses on the edges of Anaheim, the charge that Americans value their bathrooms too highly is out of date. Our bathrooms are sleek but small. It's our kitchens that we adore. Kitchens are not only getting bigger; their walls are gradually disappearing. The serving counter or breakfast bar has now become almost standard as a substitute for the once-solid partition between where the cooking and the eating were done. In one Anaheim tract house, the partition between the kitchen and the living area has also given way, in this case to a tall storage cabinet reaching from the floor to well above eye level—the two rooms and the dining area are really one, sharing a common ceiling along with whatever cooking smells may escape an exhaust fan over the stove.

Kitchens have had to grow, of course, because minimum kitchen equipment, by tract-house standards, takes up a lot of room. The inventory includes a stove; an oven separate from the stove and mounted at shoulder height in the wall; a jumbo refrigerator with a freezing compartment, if not a separate freezer in a cabinet of its own; a sink; a dishwasher; a washing machine and perhaps a matching drier; quantities of bins and storage cabinets; and yards of work-counter space in order to provide places for, at the very least, a toaster, an iron, and a power mixing bowl. Since there is nothing cheaper than a tract house on the market, one wonders what the kitchens of the California rich can be like.

### The Diminishing Down Payment

Only an occasional eccentric imagines living in one of these houses until it is paid for. Mortgage arrangements run for from twenty to thirty years, depending largely on what the government's credit policy was when the tract started, but most buyers expect to sell and move into a better house just as soon as they can afford higher monthly installments. Meanwhile they think of the money they put into the place, the carrying costs and taxes, as rent.

We met one young couple with two children who have figured out that it's safe to live in a tract house for three years, but from then on, as the fixtures begin to approach obsolescence, it may be a little difficult to sell without taking some loss. Following their theory they have moved three times since 1947, and the resale prices they got for their old houses were more than they had paid for them new.



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Under these boom circumstances, the nominal cash price for a home is so unimportant that the billboards don't even mention it; they stress the size of the down payment, if any, and the monthly installment figured to the penny for the longest allowable term. An abbreviated language has been evolved for sign purposes that gives a rough indication of price within the ready-made class and can easily be read at thirty-five miles an hour. The phrases are, in descending order of expensiveness, "Low Down," "No Down," and "No No Down." Before a buyer can move into a house, even a No No Down house, he has to pay something—closing fees, perhaps, or insurance, or the first month's installment. But it is possible to become an Anaheim householder for no more than a few hundred dollars just by agreeing to pay $63.88, $71.85, $91.20—or whatever the figure may be—every month for the next generation.

### Nostalgia and Juicy Prices

Old Anaheimers—those who have lived in the place for longer than ten years—can't help feeling confused about the boom. Hardly anyone can resist its excitement or fail to be caught up to a degree by the pervasive optimism in the air; yet in a community whose population has grown three hundred per cent in a decade things are bound to get a little out of joint. It's a rare day when some baffling new problem fails to turn up on the city manager's desk. He and the city fathers, worried about vital matters like schools, fire protection, and water supply, are compelled to sprint to keep Anaheim abreast of its growth.

Some old residents are nostalgic for the pre-tract days and are saddened whenever another orchard falls to the bulldozers. On the other hand, grove owners can hardly be expected to resist the prices that tract developers have been paying. Orchards that were bought for $1,500 an acre in 1940 are now worth as much as $6,000 an acre as home sites; it has seemed only sensible to a good many grove owners to sell their Anaheim property and, rather than pay big taxes on their gains, to buy ranches perhaps four times as large farther to the southeast, beyond the Los Angeles bulge.

Downtown merchants, many of whom are among Anaheim's old guard, realize, of course, that Center Street will never again enjoy its former pre-eminence, and yet some of them are fascinated by the thought of business prospects in an Anaheim grown to a population of seventy thousand.

We talked to one elderly leading citizen who feels, on the contrary, that Anaheim's situation is hopeless. He was thinking not in terms of the volume of trade but of the character of the city as a place to live. The flatness of the terrain, as he sees it—the very feature that has been a great asset to Anaheim, first as an orchard and now as home-building territory—is a fatal flaw. "We aren't going to get anything except tract houses," he predicted, "because families who can afford something better expect the ground to roll at least a little. If they're doing really well, they want a house on a hillside. Anaheim is too level. In the end it will become just another bedroom town—a place for people to sleep, for the time being, while they wait for the promotion that will pay for a house on a sloping lot."

### Pacific Ocean Bubble?

What if the boom should collapse? The families who are buying the tract houses are, of course, borrowing not only for a place to live but for nearly everything else, starting with furniture, a car (or cars), a television set, and whatever electrical appliances are not included in the house package. Daytime radio commercials on the local stations fire a barrage of suggestions for products and services that can be had for little down and pennies per day. (There is even a credit dentist, with a chain of conveniently located offices.) It isn't hard, as a good many new Anaheimers have discovered, to stack one deferred-payment plan on top of another until an unbearably large part of one's pay check is committed.

While the rate of defaults on loans is remarkably low, there are more loan-payment receiving windows in the banks than any other kind. Almost everyone, including the most devil-may-care tract-house buyers, says the credit game is being played with little or no margin for error; they point out that one serious failure—of, say, one of the several new factories or, heaven forbid, of Disneyland itself, which employs more than a thousand people—might conceivably prick the bubble.

Is anybody really worried? Hardly anybody. The man who is bearish on account of Anaheim's flatness offered an explanation. "No one is worried," he said, "because there's a theory in town that if anything slips up the government will declare a moratorium on all debts. No one knows who started the rumor, but these kids really think it's true. The government would *have* to do something like that, they say to me, because otherwise this whole place might be a shambles overnight."

My wife and I could see that Anaheim, under these circumstances, may be excused for failing to get excited about the new amusement park. Almost anything Walt Disney could have fabricated out of shiny plastics and fairy-story replicas was bound to strike the park's local patrons as no more unusual than the town in which it was situated.



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# *My Kingdom For a Heart*

**MARYA MANNES**

*(The following is a tape recording of a story conference between three writers and a producer that may have taken place in Hollywood some time ago.)*

IT STILL isn't fresh enough. We need more twists.

Twists? My God, Mort, we've got more twists than a pretzel.

Basically it's a simple story and an old story, and that's why it's always been good. Prince and Commoner. Cinderella. The Swan. Only in this one, the girl's an actress.

Very fresh.

Look, boys, what I feel is we have to relate it more to life today. This isn't Sigmund Romberg any more. It's Rodgers and Hammerstein.

Are they signed yet, Mort?

What I mean is, it's got to have some meaning. It's got to have contemporary elements.

All right, Mort, so let's talk elements.

Let's go over what we have so far and then talk elements.

All right. A beautiful Hollywood actress meets the prince of a small European kingdom. They fall in love, they marry. Terrific scenes in her folks' house, terrific scenes on boat going over, terrific wedding. Bells, whistles, toots, shambles.

What worries me, Irv, is the girl. I don't see her clearly.

You're not supposed to, Mort. She's enigmatic.

Yes, but hot enigmatic or cold enigmatic? It's important.

Well, kind of both. It's the new type, the lady type. Elegant, reserved. Cool on top, smoldering underneath.

Genteel-like.

People are tired of sex bombs, Mort. They want class.

All right, so we have a class girl of humble parentage—

Personally, Ted, I don't think they ought to be so goddam humble. People like success.

I've got it, Mort. Rich suburbia. Maybe like outside Philadelphia or something.

Well, then, her folks have to be self-made. People don't like inherited dough.

I'd like to see the girl's father a contractor, or builder. Worked himself up from a bricklayer, maybe. Hearty, good-fellow type.

Make him Irish. You get immediate audience sympathy.

The way I see it, Mort, this girl is a very polished product of not so polished parents. Her mother ought to be a pain in the neck. Always advertising her daughter, how many guys were in love with her and all that. Nearly gums up the works by blabbing too much to everybody.

To come back to the father, Mannie, I think the twist would be that he was slighted once in his youth by the English upper classes, and now this sort of squares it off, his daughter marrying a prince.

There's something still missing. What we need above all in this picture is S. and M.

S. and M.?

Spiritual and Moral Values.

Oh those.

I have it. They're religious. Make 'em Catholics. That'll get the Legion of Decency off our necks.

Speaking of S. and M., the French have been doing well lately with priests in their films. Maybe we could have a jolly-type priest as a sort of spiritual adviser to the Prince.

Great. That's just great, Irv. He might even have a hand in the romance—sort of go-between between the temporal and spiritual realms.

ALL RIGHT, boys, I think we're getting somewhere at last. We have Hollywood glamour and class in the girl, we have rich Irish Catholic suburbia for identification, we have self-made genial father, attractive but blabbing mother, jolly priest, spiritual and moral values, little operetta kingdom full of casino

Too pat, Mort. No conflict. N body'd believe it.

*(There is a break in the tape he possibly indicating a period thought or depression.)*

I think your major conflict cou be between, say, Private Passion a Parasitic Publicity.

You can't kid public relatio Ted. If it hadn't been for publ relations the girl wouldn't have m the Prince in the first place. W worked that all out.

Cute stunt.

You know what I'd like to d Mort? Make this damn story a tra edy. Have the rest of the world up in flames while everybody's cras ing the wedding.

Communist plot, maybe?

Come on, boys, quit kidding. W need a finished script next week.

The biggest headache in writi this picture, Mort, is not to go ove board on the phony angle—the pu licity build-up and all that—at t expense of the romance itself. W gotta show that a lot of the hoop is cockeyed, but on the other han hell, it may be love, and anyho that's the way you keep royalty g ing—get fresh blood, preferab American.

Who wants to keep royalty goi anyway?

I would say the entire freedon loving title-hating people of the r publican United States of Americ But Irv is right. We've got to stic with love.

What about the end? Any idea Ted?

Well, the last shot is them stean ing out on the yacht.

Two small figures, alone at las turning their backs on the world.

Oh, *no*. How corny can you ge

I thought that was the point. Ol corn in new husks.

I'm not the writer, boys, but you job is to see that you leave thos lovers with some dignity.

You do think up the loveliest a signments, Mort.

What about *our* dignity? I'm g ing to picket this damn show whe it's released. "Unfair to Hones Writers."

You wait, it'll be a sockeroo.

I'll wait.



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# *Conversations In Rabat*

**SABINE GOVA**

AT MY FIRST visit to Abdeslam Hussein in Rabat last summer, I asked him how he felt about the influence Marshal Lyautey had had in his country. Lyautey was Morocco's first Resident General after the Treaty of Fez in 1912 had made most of it a French protectorate. In Algeria the French had simply taken over the country. In Morocco Lyautey had insisted from the beginning that the loyalty of the people could not be forced; it had to be won. Otherwise there would be chaos.

"Lyautey believed French power should be exercised within the framework of Moorish civilization," the young lawyer answered. "He had a great respect for our traditions. Take as an example the fact that his order forbidding Christians to enter a mosque is still valid today. The Christians he had in mind were of course his compatriots, since we are all Moslem."

He went to the shelves hanging over his desk where a series of books flanked the six big volumes of the Larousse encyclopedia. These French books and a life-size portrait of the Sultan shared the otherwise bare walls of the office, which also served as living room.

"Listen to Lyautey himself and to what he had to say about us in 1922." He opened one of the books, finding immediately the passage he had in mind, and read: " 'While in other parts of Africa we found nothing but a society crumbling into dust as a result of former anarchy and lack of power, here in Morocco, thanks to the permanent power assured by each succeeding dynasty, thanks to the maintenance of essential institutions in spite of revolutions, we found a stable empire and with it a great and beautiful civilization.' "

Hussein closed the book, and putting it carefully in its place went on: "Layautey surrounded himself with men of merit, intelligence, and integrity, coming from both sides: French and Moroccans—Christians, Moslems, and Jews—and thus set the pace for a society without prejudice. But these pioneers' friendship for the Moroccans vanished when the French felt fully at home here. They isolated themselves from our life and made their Moroccan salons in Casablanca or Rabat a picturesque annex to those of their families and friends in Paris."

He fell silent for a moment, then added sadly:

"Why learn French, speak French, think in French, if it is not the language of a friend to talk with but only of a master to be obeyed?"

This seemed so much more like a call for a friend than a revolt against a master that I felt entitled to ask, "Surely you must have benefited by your French education in some way?"

"The price was too high," he said. "You see, in our schools, in all the three North African countries, a child faces on his first school day a teacher speaking nothing but French. No instruction in our mother tongue is allowed—we have to learn French before we start learning anything else."

"Do you remember how you felt on your first school day?"

"I was terribly frightened. There was this teacher whom I didn't understand and who didn't understand me. He made me feel so helpless. And the worst was that I knew nobody could come to my rescue. My parents speak nothing but Arabic—I was simply lost and isolated."

"Did that change once you knew French?"

"Only partly. The gap between home and school remained. All our books were French—we never read an Arabic author. Instead, all of us learned to recite Corneille and Racine like the Koran!"

"And what does French culture mean to you?"

"Less than the Koran," he retorted. "But I want to be just. I found out later that there is an affinity between the French and the Arab mind: Both are attracted by logical thinking based on experiment. Learning with French methods is inspiring. You must have noticed that most of us who study in France become lawyers or doctors. In law and medicine, and also in philosophy, we understand each other best. How I enjoyed my Aristotle course!" he exclaimed with the enthusiasm of a student. "It was a great moment when I perceived the French conception of his experimental approach to reasoning. Of course," he added in a tone intended to make clear that the Sorbonne had not been needed to introduce a Moroccan to Aristotle, "we are familiar with Greek thought through our own great thinkers with whom we get acquainted in our religious instruction. But I won't deny that we acquire something through the dual education."

"Could you define this 'something'?"

"Yes indeed. I mean to say that whoever has gone to school in our North African nations speaks French and has an intellectual upbringing that opens the western world to him. Yet we are all Moslems, which keeps us in brotherhood with the Mohammedan countries. Through our dual background we are in a unique position."

### Moslem Manners

A young Moroccan girl called us to lunch. As we went over to the entrance hall where the table was set, my host told me that his maid had insisted on serving us in French style.

"I am sure you enjoy dining in our traditional manner, but Aziza is so proud that she knows all about western conventions. See how nicely and correctly she put the plates and silverware on the table! I couldn't refuse her that pleasure."

Indeed, I had already enjoyed traditional Moslem hospitality. I had eaten with a doctor friend, his two grown-up nephews, and his four-year-old son. As a foreigner, I dined with the men; the women of the family did not join us. We sat close to one another on low divans placed



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along the wall, and the dishes were put before us on a silver tray set on a low folding stand. The food was served in massive bowls out of which we fished the pieces of meat or vegetable with the help of lumps of bread so as not to dip our fingers into the gravy. I had noticed that the younger men left the bigger or juicier pieces to the father, who in turn passed some of them along to me or pushed them into the mouth of his little boy. Before and after the meal a maid brought a silver basin over which we held out our hands while she poured water over them from a silver kettle and then offered us a towel. The intimacy and courteousness of this common meal had been revealing: I had glimpsed a world of men where respect and comradeship had transformed a primitive need into a chivalrous ritual.

Seated on the straight wooden chair at Abdeslam Hussein's dining table with my individual plate before me, I told him my impressions of the Moroccan way of eating.

"That is exactly how we feel about it," he assented, "and though most of us who live in the cities are familiar with European eating habits, we will not abandon our old customs. There is more to them than just table manners."

"From now on I'll make better use of an anecdote so often told of Lyautey," I said. "The Marshal had invited his distinguished Moroccan friends for dinner and after the meal fingerbowls were brought in. Seeing that his guests took them up and drank the water, Lyautey immediately did the same. I wonder what the caids and pashas thought when after dinner nothing was offered them with which to wash their hands."

My host laughed. "Let's hope that they didn't eat with their fingers!"

### Frenchwomen Wear Slacks

I had planned another visit in the afternoon and asked Maître Hussein how to find the place I wanted to go to. He was sure I would be lost in the native quarters, and as he had to return to work he asked Aziza to accompany me. She pulled a brown cassock, a jellaba, over her cotton dress and before covering her head with the hood tied a heavy piece of material across her face, knotting it tightly in the back.

"I'm sorry I'm veiled," she apologized when we were in the street. "I'm doing it for my mother's sake; she would feel very bad if I went out showing my face."

To put the girl at ease I complimented her on her French and on the perfect way she had served the dinner.

"Where did you learn how to do it?" I asked.

"In the French family where I worked until a short time ago," she said. "I watched how they did things and I listened when they spoke. And I listened to the French radio too." With a deep sigh she added, "If I could only learn to read and write!"

"I don't think you would find that very hard," I said.

"I'm only a girl," she said calmly, resigned to accepting the fact that the world of learning was closed to her sex. "But father managed to send the boys to school. They are in a factory now and, would you believe it, they often talk with us girls. There are quite a few of us who have worked with French families, and that started some of us thinking about our country and what we want it to be." She stopped abruptly as if she had said too much, but continued after a moment: "Maître Hussein told me that you are from America. So you know about democracy and independence, don't you? It's what I'm dreaming of and some day I'll fight for it."

A WOMAN wrapped in a haik, a white cloth covering her from head to foot, came across the street and threw her arms around Aziza. Bringing their veiled faces together, they simulated kissing each other on both cheeks. How had she ever recognized Aziza, I wondered. She had not even looked at Aziza's eyes, the only visible part of her. When we resumed our walk, I asked the girl. She was quite surprised.

"All people look different, don't they? Don't you recognize your friends in the street, Madame?"

I did not pursue the point. Probably our faces with their stereotyped make-up look as similar to them as their veils do to us.

"Myriem's parents don't allow her to wear a jellaba. It's a shame because the haik is so uncomfortable," Aziza said.

"How did women come to wear the jellaba?" I asked hoping she would know. This fashion had puzzled me since my arrival. When I lived here in 1941 it was only a men's garment.

"It must have happened during the war. I was still a little girl when I first saw a woman in one. I'll never



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forget; we were so scandalized! The boys chased that woman all along the street. They would have beaten her if they had caught her. But the more we got used to seeing Frenchwomen in trousers the more we felt we could just as well take to men's clothing and feel more at ease. Do you see the difference, Madame?" She lifted her arms and waved her wide sleeves like wings. "I can move my hands freely. In the haik you can't do that. You have to hold onto it or you lose it."

We had reached the outskirts of the medina and Aziza pointed to a modern house.

"There lives Si Mustapha Mulud," she said. "Good-by, Madame, it has made me very happy to talk to you."

### The Second Home

I rang the bell at the entrance to a well-tended flower garden with graveled paths. In a corner a rocking horse was clumsily fastened to a tree. The young rider must have been watching the neighbor's donkey, which was hitched to a great bougainvillaea. On a wading pool floated an oversized Donald Duck looking as forlorn as the Cadillac I had seen waiting next to the Great Mosque.

Mrs. Mulud received me in a cozy salon where her husband joined us a little later. The fair complexion and blond hair of the young Frenchwoman contrasted strikingly with Mustapha Mulud's dark Arab features. They had met in Montpellier, her home town, whose university is often chosen by North African students because of the city's mild climate. Both had studied Arabic literature and Mrs. Mulud had learned to speak Arabic as fluently as if it were her mother tongue.

"To say that I understand Mustapha only since I can speak his language is no play on words," she told me. "All of us who are married to Moroccans have found this true. I think it is because the Moslem learns the Koran by heart that he masters the language so beautifully and feels it so deeply."

I was interested to know whether intermarriages were frequent.

"Let's say that in the past they were not unusual, but lately they have become the exception," Mrs. Mulud said.

"Is this due to political reasons?" I wondered.

"To a certain extent," she agreed. "It's a tendency among the nationalists to stay away from foreigners in their personal life. And this is easier for them now that they can find girls at home who have had a modern education and are able to share their husbands' interests."

I thought of Aziza and told Mrs. Mulud about her.

"The Azizas are a great danger," she observed. "They have seen and heard much but have been taught nothing. This makes them an easy prey to extremist propaganda. They are the first to turn into political fanatics and you can't blame them. The girls I was thinking of are those who have attended the girls' schools founded about twenty years ago. These young women are introducing a new pattern of social life in Morocco."

"A pattern more Moslem and less French," added Mr. Mulud. "And let me tell you that I feel sorry for these boys. They miss the common memories of student life in France which we treasure so highly, don't we, darling?" They looked at each other with a smile of understanding. "Your President Jefferson said that everyone has France for a second home. In a sense it's true even for her political opponents."

"I once had an occasion to realize how deep that attachment can be," I said. "A Moroccan unofficial representative to the United Nations who lived in the United States in exile came to see me in New York. He paced the room while he was talking and suddenly noticed a view of Paris on my desk. He stopped short before it—believe me, I was embarrassed at not having put it away before he came. But he took it up in his hands and, looking at it with great nostalgia, said: 'Those villains do not allow me to see this any more!' "

"He'll see it again," Mr. Mulud said emphatically. "We want to be masters in our own house, but our links with France are more vital than with any other nation. They will live on."

THE PREDICTION of Mustapha Mulud proved to be right. It was last November, shortly after the Sultan's return to the throne after two years in exile, that my Moroccan friend in New York told me with unrestrained joy:

"The French Consulate called me up—me personally—to let me know that a visa would be available if I wanted to return. I'll go to Paris for the coming negotiations and then to Rabat to work with the new Cabinet. It will be so good to be home again!"

He sounded as if his homecoming would include both Morocco and France.

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# *The African Rain Queen*

**NOEL MOSTERT**

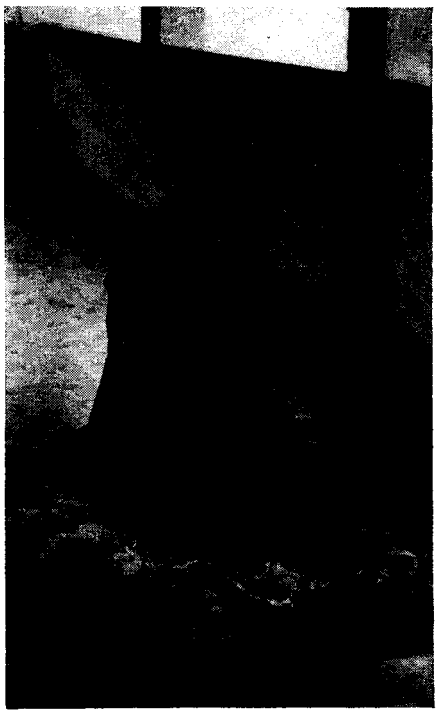
THE LAST of the great queens of Africa lives today on a flower-strewn hilltop in South Africa's eastern Transvaal. She is Mujaji III, Maker of Rain, hereditary chief of the Lobedu, once a great and fierce tribe, and now wards of the government of the Union of South Africa.

The Lobedu in the immediate vicinity of the Rain Queen number some thirty thousand and are one of several communities belonging to a broad tribal section known as Sekukuni. Like most of the other tribes in southern Africa, the Sekukuni were broken up and their power was shattered during the violent wars of the mid-nineteenth century, when the Zulu nation established its empire across all of southern Africa. However, despite their comparatively small numbers, the Lobedu remain one of the paramount groups in the region today because of the tremendous awe and regard the others have for Mujaji, who is regarded even by the Zulus as the greatest magician in Africa. She is also called the Transformer of the Clouds. Tribesmen and even white farmers come from far and wide to pay tribute and to ask rain-making favors.

### Retirement the Hard Way

She is a strange figure, feared for her supposed communion with the occult as well as for the dark and bloody history of her clan. There is no other chieftain quite like her in Africa. Her story is the sort that used to be told by European explorers to convey a sense of the awe of Africa. It was the royal house of Mujaji that inspired Rider Haggard, probably the greatest romanticizer of Africa, to write *She*—a novel about a legendary ageless white queen who ruled over a powerful black people in central Africa.

It was a mere fifteen years or so ago when the first white man gazed upon a Mujaji queen—the present one. She still spends most of her time in seclusion, and few get the opportunity to meet her. Visitors in recent years have been even less welcome than usual because of a dilemma that faces Mujaji and the tribe. She is regarded as changer of the seasons as well as general rain maker—divine powers which she is supposed to wield for a limited period. Tradition has it that about forty years after her succession she should bow out by taking a poison cup.



***Mujaji III***

The incumbent Mujaji is many years beyond the traditional retirement age, but she steadfastly refuses the cup. The weather has been dry in the Transvaal in recent seasons, and there have been reports of ill feeling among those who have poor crops. The grumblers think it's high time she drank.

I TOOK a train from Johannesburg to Pietersburg, a tiny northeastern hamlet where I was met by a thick-set Afrikaner pastor named Wess He had worked all his life as a r sionary among the Lobedu and r was serving as a liaison officer the government. He had his t young sons along, one sixteen, other nineteen. They were shy, fre faced youngsters who knew the bedu well but who had never r the queen. They were agog over idea that they were about to see at last.

The area around Pietersburg known as the High Veld, a m nificent country of grass plains spr kled with granite hillocks. It friendly, rich country, with noth dark or sinister in its wide vistas.

Change was sudden. We came the edge of a plateau. A brief vi of precipitous falls and of a v forested country far below, and th we began sliding cautiously do the pass. It became hotter and m humid, and the sky clouded. T dry, exhilarating breath of the hi lands gradually left us, and the tr ical apathy that had weighed up me earlier all the way down throu Africa came oozing back.

Mujaji lives in Duivelskloof—V ley of the Devils. The place v named by the first white man w ventured into the region, and t name has stuck. As we entered the road left the bush and we fou ourselves among tremendous h that hunched against the s Though cultivation straggled their summits, erosion had left gr wounds across the slopes and acr the fields. "They won't contour th lands, and the soil is wearing thin and thinner. I've been after them years, but it's no use," Wessels s wearily.

"They ask Mujaji for rain, b when rain comes it simply washes t topsoil down into the streams a away to the ocean—and their cr are poorer than before. I try to c vince them, but they believe th Mujaji has the last word—they w for her to speak."

Wessels drove me to a lovely bu galow at the foot of one of the hi It was the home of a retired scho teacher, Pretorius, who had made lifelong study of the Mujaji and Lobedu customs. Like many Af kaners, he had spent his life sin childhood among the Bantu, and found it impossible to live anywhe



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else. He had written several volumes on Lobedu history and, like Carlyle, found one morning that a servant had thrown the manuscripts into the fire.

He showed me his laboriously rewritten first volume. "It will take time, but I'll get it all done again. Sometimes I think it was a blessing. Rewriting it has given me fresh perspective and focus."

### Male Mortality

Pretorius told me that the Lobedu came originally from Africa's Great Lakes region. They traveled down central Africa and brought with them several arts, including iron and copper smelting, which must have been picked up through contact with the Arabs.

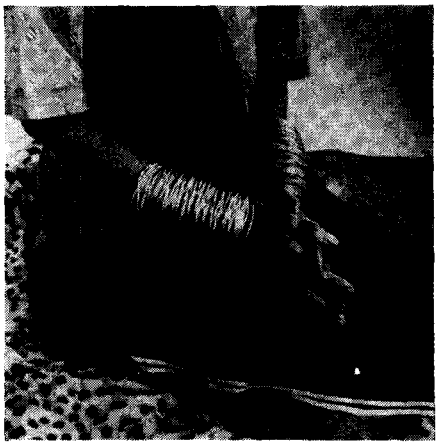
The tribal chiefs were male right up to the middle of the nineteenth century, when a dispute between the sons of a chief provoked the old man into handing the succession to his daughter. The ladies never relinquished the throne thereafter.

According to Pretorius, it was the first Mujaji queen who inspired Haggard. She was copperish in color, or so tribal elders recall, and probably had Portuguese blood. Pretorius believes the author accepted on hearsay that the queen was white.

The second Mujaji was a stickler for discipline. She always carried a short iron stick that became, in time, encrusted with the brain pulp of those who dared to gaze upon her. When she passed, all her subjects had to crawl on their bellies with their eyes shut. The lady was childless, and one day, on sudden whim, she sent a commando to a distant Boer farm to abduct a kitchen girl, who later was trained as queen and became Mujaji III. Pretorius says she remembers her abduction perfectly, but gives no reason for her selection. His own belief is that her predecessor had knowledge that the girl was of royal blood—possibly a niece.

Mujaji III has had two boys and a girl. The queen may not marry, but she must have children. Marriage would be awkward because a wife is bought with cattle and Lobedu tradition has it that a bought article, human or otherwise, is the sole property of the purchaser. Obviously no ordinary tribesman could be allowed to buy his hereditary chief, so a sort of Council of the Royal Bed was evolved.

The five senior headmen of the tribe meet in secret and decide who will go to the bed of the queen. It is



not a favor eagerly sought, since the favored have a habit of disappearing for good. Both of the present queen's sons died under mysterious circumstances. One died when he was eighteen months old: Government visitors were told that he suffered a severe gash on the head when a branch fell from a tree under which he was lying. The other son managed to live longer, but the effort shot his nerves to pieces and he fled to Johannesburg, where he took to drink. The queen sent two tribesmen after him and they brought him back to the Valley of the Devils. He died shortly after his return. The verdict was alcoholism.

WHAT DID the authorities do about the disappearing menfolk of the royal household? I asked Pretorius. He shrugged. "What can they do? It has been the custom for years and years. The tribe wouldn't like it if anyone interfered. Mujaji would sulk, and if there wasn't any rain the Lobedu would blame us. We've been friends for years and wouldn't want to change that."

Mujaji's daughter, Magoma, cut loose and married a commoner without her mother's consent. There was a ruckus, and Mujaji holed up in the palace after banishing the girl and her terrified husband. The marriage took place in 1934, and the rains that year were far later than usual—a fact that the Lobedu and other tribesmen immediately accepted as token of Mujaji's anger.

Since then, Magoma has been accepted back into the fold and occasionally visits her mother. The royal carriage, an ancient Ford, tumbles down the hillside on which the palace is perched and fetches the heiress apparent to Duivelskloof from her home in exile. "Before her mother takes the poison, Magoma probably will be brought back and installed in the royal household. Her husband and son will disappear. They no doubt will accept their fate, and so will the authorities," Pretorius said.

### The Deferred Fourth School

Mujaji's suicide hinges on the calling of an initiation school for the young bloods of the tribe. The schools are supposed to be held every ten years. Every boy in the tribe must attend a school before he can be considered a man. The youngsters are taken out into the bush together and live off the land for two months, submitting themselves to various ritual hardships. They are circumcised and go around without clothing.

The circumcision schools are a considerable ordeal. But there may be a lot to be said for them: The Lobedu have no juvenile-delinquency problem and no mental disease.

These schools are regarded as essential for all boys. Those who don't go to one are boycotted by the women and, even as adults, are never welcomed into tribal councils. They are told they are children and are not wanted.

A Mujaji's reign is measured by the number of schools she calls after her accession. After calling her fourth school, she is supposed to disappear. The present queen already has called three schools, and the fourth is long overdue. Once she has called it, she will be expected to take the poison.

Mujaji III has deferred the calling of the fourth school on grounds that it should be held only during a season of abundant crops. Things haven't been good recently, and, judging by the erosion Wessels showed me, there isn't much hope for improvement. As Pretorius put it, "Mujaji may yet be the first of her line to die a natural death."

The drought and poor crops worry the tribe, as does the fact that



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many of their men aren't men. Some parents have been sending their sons to schools conducted by neighboring tribes, but this isn't a satisfactory arrangement. The other tribes charge a fee for each foreign enrollment, and besides, it's like sending all the West Point plebes to Sandhurst for training.

"The Lobedu have given no strong indication of dissatisfaction yet," Pretorius said. "When there is drought, they approach Mujaji and complain that the grass is dry, the cattle are thin, the rivers are dusty, and water and food are scarce. They are a polite people, and they never ask her outright to make rain. That would be vulgar. In a roundabout way, they make her understand that the need is urgent. Lately they have been bringing her presents for emphasis. They believe they may have angered her and that the lack of rain stems from her annoyance with them."

### African Protocol

The last lap of the road to Mujaji's kraal climbed up a steep hill. It was a rough, cracked surface, obviously not adapted to motor traffic heavier than the royal Ford.

There were flowers everywhere; on the sides, hanging from the creepers in the trees, and in masses against the slopes beyond the road.

As usual with African roads, there were women walking up and down on both sides. They balanced gourds or bundles on their heads and, as they walked, they conversed in lilting, leisurely tones. Among the scenes I recollect most easily when I'm away from Africa, there's always that one of women on a hot road: I see the sun through the trees, I sense the heavy silence of great heat beyond the shade of foliage, and I hear those soft voices.

We stopped outside the queen's kraal and walked to an enormous tree, where we waited. "The Lobedu are formal and very mannered," Wessels said. "We have to wait here for an invitation." His boys sat down, and I joined them. There was silence around us and from the kraal, and we sat listening to the bees and crickets.

In the heat, all sounds seemed thin and far off as we sat high on a mountain, awaiting an ancient queen's privilege, gazing out across a panorama of blue skies, purple mountains, and quilted valleys, and feeling that time had taken flight, and reality with it.

Our presence seemingly was unnoticed. But we did not walk up to the kraal and call out. "They have a way of knowing—they probably knew before we even started up the hill," Wessels said. "They know we wish to compose ourselves after the journey. Anyway, it's not their custom to rush out to greet visitors. It's rude to be familiar."

Tradition in Africa does not starch manners into the chill pomposity of protocol, as it does in Europe and America. You might say that the African has never learned manners. He has had no need to, because he has never lost his grace.

BY AND BY, an old man, one of the kraal's headmen, approached and salaamed to Wessels. The boys rose quickly out of politeness, and we all returned the salaam—strangely Oriental, a bow from the waist with hands clasped together in front of the face.

The old man motioned us to sit again, and when we were all seated he asked us about our health, our journey, the crops in our lands, and the health of our wives. Another man joined us, and Wessels told them that I had come from the north, where ice covered our crops half the year, and where we lived in huts as high as the moon. The headmen said "Au," an expression that can be thoroughly noncommittal or snappy with interest. Theirs was somewhere in between. Wessels then asked whether we could have an audience of the queen.

They looked skeptical. The queen, the first headman said, was working in her lands and was unable to see us. We chatted ten minutes or so more and one of them went off. He returned shortly after and asked us to follow him. We passed through two fortifications, high walls built of sun-dried mud, and climbed a small stepway to the palace: a modest concrete bungalow, whitewashed and obviously of European design, which made it seem incongruous among the beehive-shaped mud-and-thatch huts clustered in the outer compounds.

The view from the stoop on which we seated ourselves was incredible: the same mountains and valleys and blue skies, but with a cleaner sweep. We were all quiet, listening to the bees again, and to the dull thud of a woman stamping millet outside a hut below.

### Every Inch a Queen

An old crone came out, threw a small square of carpet onto the concrete floor of the stoop, and laid a



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leopard skin over that. She ran down and crouched at the bottom of the steps. The two headmen threw themselves prostrate, and then Mujaji came out and sat down on the skins. She murmured something, and the headmen rose. Mujaji sat on her haunches, holding her body upright, and the men sat low, keeping their heads below hers. The woman at the bottom of the steps began crawling up slowly, sinuously as a snake, and maneuvered herself into a position beside the queen, where she remained, ducking her head each time the queen lowered hers an inch.

Mujaji has a thin, frail figure, but when she came out I noticed that her walk was careful and steady. She is very old. Wessels believes she is between eighty and ninety. There is an immense dignity about her—the air of the selected and the high-born that belongs to those who hold inherent title. She is patrician: Every gesture, every syllable, and her posture betoken a breeding that is ancient and royal.

After his first meeting with her, the late Jan Smuts wrote: "A woman who so impressed me with her force of character and intangible air of authority—a woman who really is a Queen."

She had gazed at us intently, but there wasn't a flicker on her face that betrayed curiosity or any other feeling. Her expression was impassive. The enigma of hidden Africa was on her face.

MUJAJI, as a symbol of chieftaincy and autocratic power, represents a tradition that is dying as fast in Africa as it is elsewhere. The divinity of kingship is almost dead, and even simple chieftaincy is falling out of fashion. The abrupt shattering of these feudal bonds has cast the tribesmen loose to search for new ideas and new unions, and out of this search is emerging the new, nationalistic, and political African mind. It is a mind that must search awhile yet for maturity, because it is largely untested in that old, old western exercise—individual responsibility.

Tradition has been the strait jacket of Africa—the tradition of chieftaincy and absolute power rooted in peoples who lived in an environment undisturbed by time and who found in the individual strength of a chief the refuge they required from the perils of their immense, brooding continent.

As I gazed on Mujaji, I saw Africa's history. Mujaji is a true daughter of that line of queens which began long before Cleopatra, embrac-

ing Sheba and all the dark mistresses of Ashanti. She rules through a combination of innate wisdom, example, black magic, and fear. I saw the embodiment of ancient leadership: an old woman, unlettered and unschooled in sophisticated reason, yet immensely wise and shrewd in the drama of instinct. She allied the fundamentals of human instinct such as fear, hunger, and trust with the wider movements of nature such as drought and flood. Love does not, I believe, enter her relationship with her subjects. Primitive society to a large extent does not encourage emotions. The people react along prescribed lines, whether by sensuous response to a drum or murderous response to a ritual. The circle is narrow, and disaster awaits those who step beyond it.

With the sun hot in my face and the rhapsodic composition of sky and mountain out front, it seemed difficult to see in this strange old woman and in the domesticity around me an alliance with the occult. But one felt that behind her impassive expression lay a communion with forces unknown to our modern, matter-of-fact minds. She walked in that brilliant sunlight among shadows we couldn't even guess at, but which in her subjects' minds invest her with great power.

Mujaji wore an old mauve print dress. Her arms were long and thin and weighted with gold bangles. She wore beautiful gold earrings that appeared to be ancient and of rare craftsmanship. Her hands were exquisite—the fingers exceptionally long, thin, and tapering. Her face is odd. The features are mannish, but more delicate than those of her tribesmen.

### The Queen's Routine

Wessels began the interview and, speaking through an interpreter, told her where I had come from. It was my turn to speak, and she switched her gaze to me, her eyes roving my face as I addressed her. I told her that I brought greetings from the people of the cold lands and said that my kinsmen had heard that she lived in a region of constant sunshine and they envied her such remarkable fortune. I told her I had admired the state of her people, who seemed happier and more content than most. She nodded at my words, and the crone on the ground smiled and said "Au." This time it sounded approving.

She said she rose at daybreak and cleaned the palace herself. Why, I asked, since she had attendants? "For exercise," the interpreter said. She ate about twice a day, and only when she became hungry, she said. In between she plowed or worked on her lands with a pick—also for exercise. She allowed me to take pictures—the second time in her life she had granted anyone permission to do so.

I asked how the rain was made, and the queen and her attendant giggled. I asked how many queens there had been, and she replied that she was the third, that there had been men before, and that "God had changed it." She told me that she had one child, a daughter, and that the others had died. What would happen if the present heir died? The lady in waiting said "Au" again—not approval this time but concern. The queen said she didn't know what would happen. I slipped in what I thought was a sly one. Did she look forward to a long and happy life? There was a long silence, then she gestured toward the hills. The interpreter's reply was crisp: "She doesn't know."



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# *Egypt: Potemkin Village On the Nile*

HAL LEHRMAN

WHEN Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser and his colleagues seized power in July, 1952, Egypt's vital statistics read in large part like the Ten Plagues: 96.5 per cent of its land was uninhabitable desert; the population density was 1,600 persons per square mile; a single cultivated acre had to feed and maintain 3.6 human beings; the national per capita income was $100 annually; the illiteracy rate was more than 82 per cent; the average life expectancy at birth was 30 years. Foreign observers were acutely aware of these conditions. Nasser did not have to perform prodigies of efficiency to acquire a reputation abroad. He needed only to confront Egypt's vast misery, firmly announce his intention to make it vanish, and then begin chipping away. This he has done—and the reputation has followed.

PERHAPS the most attractive aspects of the Nasser régime, in the eyes of foreign beholders, are its honesty, youth, and energy. Under King Farouk the royal administration, high and low, functioned according to the classic Oriental system of baksheesh. Politics was a perpetual competition among old-line parties and the old men who headed them. Intrigue and maneuver left little energy for problems of national welfare. The junta has undeniably swept this apathy and corruption away, along with the political parties in which they festered. Youth now stands at the controls: Most Cabinet Ministers are under forty.

Non-Egyptian witnesses have appreciated the contrast between Nasser vitality and Farouk torpidity. Perhaps influenced by a desire to see a healthy, stable, productive Egypt, western reporters have tended to minimize mistakes and aberrations —or even not notice them—and magnify the achievements.

The result has been a stereotyped image, widely imprinted. Critical readers this side of the map may feel a recurrent irritation over the military junta's behavior in foreign policy. But on internal policy there is nearly universal acceptance of the notion that the junta is progressive and reformist, a paragon of efficiency and sound intentions.

### Robots on Display

Every newly arrived foreign correspondent in Cairo is strenuously invited to visit Liberation Province, a stretch of reclaimed wasteland off the road to Alexandria, about fifty-five miles northeast of the capital. Fellahin who once were landless serfs of Nile feudalism have been settled there as independent farmers in spick-and-span-new villages. The area is officially described as a pilot project—the beginning of a large-scale program.

It is administered by an autonomous board directly responsible to the Cabinet. Each village has been endowed with a multipurpose co-operative managed by functionaries representing the central regional directorate. The co-operatives are staffed with government technicians, financed with government funds, and equipped with government-supplied machinery which is operated by hired crews from outside. Every fellah is inscribed as a member of the local co-operative and assigned a five-acre interest. But all the land of the village is considered a single farm, its occupants "one family and one hand."

The visitor finds some six hundred families established in conditions that are clearly superior to their former destitution. Agents of a central governing board are busy looking after the inhabitants' every need. The happy peasants wear neat government-issue clothing. The wives are even being lectured on birth control, and husbands are discouraged from arbitrarily divorcing worn-out wives and acquiring fresh ones—an attack on the prime Egyptian curse of overpopulation.

But closer inspection reveals a pervasive authoritarian tone. Small families are obligatory. According to some of the local farmers I talked with, parents are told, informally but firmly, that more than three offspring will mean expulsion. The free clothes are uniforms—one color for males, another for females. The co-operatives do more than help the new proprietor; they very nearly make him superfluous. They do everything for him, from providing seed and fertilizer and cultivating the soil to harvesting and marketing "his" crop.

The new enterprise is unable even to meet expenses of current operations as long as it must provide "income" for idle farmers. (The management now hopes, by introducing tomato canneries, sugar-beet refining plants, and other small industries, to squeeze extra income out of the crops.) At short range, Liberation Province ceases to be a pilot project, since its multiplication, in its present form at least, would be ruinous to the national economy. It becomes, instead, a Potemkin village.

### Agrarian Reform

Land reform is another triumph claimed for the junta. Government brochures give the impression that a nation-wide agrarian revolution is under way. All royal estates have been confiscated and, one is assured, every square inch of ground owned by other landholders in excess of some two hundred acres each has



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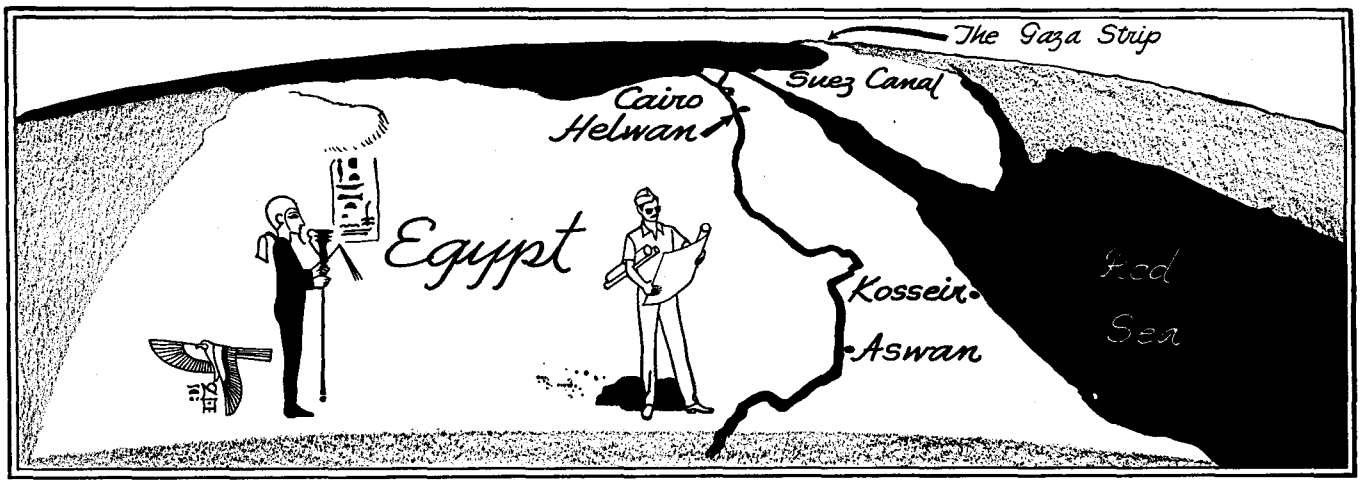


been expropriated for distribution to the land-starved masses. To prove it, the visitor is conducted to a village where a former large estate is now segmented into many little pieces. He duly notes that the new smallholders have groceries on their shelves, unpatched clothes on their backs, perhaps even a radio in the house or a bicycle at the door. Certainly nothing like that existed in Farouk's day. But how typical or widespread is this progress?

The highest estimate, by the most optimistic government spokesmen, of the amount of land ultimately to be distributed under the agrarian reform is 600,000 acres. But even this figure is only about ten per cent of all the cultivated land in Egypt.

Furthermore, only 250,000 acres had been parceled out by the end of 1955 after three years of fanfare. It is going to take the junta another year just to finish requisitioning the estates, to say nothing of their redivision.

LAND REFORM in backward countries is a notoriously slow process. So it may seem unfair to condemn Nasser for not having settled everything in three years. But should he be applauded for dragging his feet when nothing prevents him from lifting them, and when he boasts that his new reforms are already fundamental? At best, Egypt simply does not have enough arable land for its people. But agrarian experts point out that a limit of one hundred acres on the size of estates might have made a genuine difference to Egypt's peasantry, and would have been just as practical politically as the innocuous two-hundred-acre limit at which the junta halted. Left with two hundred Nile acres—among the most fertile in the world—each of the pashas against whom the régime has railed so virtuously remains very comfortably a pasha. Besides, even the two-hundred-acre limit is largely a hoax. If the pasha has sons, the law enables him to hold onto three hundred acres. He has been allowed to sell off his excess acreage privately before requisition—sometimes becoming a concealed owner by "sale" to his own impoverished tenants. It is even possible to obtain massive exemptions from the legal "limit" by promising to begin large industrial-crop or reclamation projects.

Furthermore, the demand for labor on shrunken estates has gone down faster than the supply of laborers who have not received land and who therefore still need to hire themselves out. Farmhands complained to this writer that the pasha in their vicinity had been able to cut wages as much as fifty per cent because of the increased competition for jobs.

The big winner in the agrarian reform is the state itself. Every new owner works off his obligation by making thirty annual payments to the High Committee for Land Reform, which supervises the program. (This "rent" adds up to twice the initial market value of his property.) Part of the money goes to the expropriated owner as compensation. The remainder is held by the Committee. The official explanation is that these funds are required to meet "administrative expenses." One would expect them to stay at a steady low level because of constant and prompt disbursement. Instead, the Committee's account in the National Bank of Egypt has been steadily climbing.

A final—and at long range perhaps the most serious—flaw is the régime's failure to use the agrarian reform as an opportunity to attempt at least a beginning in the training of a self-reliant peasantry. More than 160 co-operatives are already functioning; a total of four hundred is projected. These can be justified as an essential aid to ignorant, impoverished people who would be helpless if they had to make their way from the start without assistance. But when these people are left permanently dependent on imported government crews and machines, they are likely to be as helpless as ever if the aid should cease. Like his robot counterpart in reclaimed Liberation Province, the so-called independent farmer on redistributed land gets little chance to display initiative or even to learn.

### Steel and Shifting Sands

Another major exhibit for foreign approval is a giant steel mill now under construction near Helwan below Cairo. By the middle of 1957, according to official claims, this plant will be producing 220,000 tons annually, which would replace two-thirds of the steel now imported. The officials do not mention that this domestic steel will cost Egypt three times as much as foreign steel.

Farouk can claim the dubious credit for the idea of putting Egypt into the steel business. Back in 1937 it was decided that since iron ore existed at Aswan in the south, a steel mill should be built there. Designs for an Aswan plant piled up—until



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after several years it occurred to the planners that Aswan was an expensively remote point to which to bring fuel. Accordingly, the site was moved much farther north to Helwan. Iron ore from Aswan and coke brought in from abroad would be delivered to Helwan by Nile barge. But building was delayed for a few years more while still a third site was debated: Kosseir, with important deposits of iron and an advantageous location on the Red Sea, permitting large reduction of freight charges (which make up five-eighths of the cost of coke to Egypt). Meanwhile, German-delivered machinery had been rusting on the sands for a decade.

When the junta came to power it resolutely reverted to the Helwan location. There is no guarantee that the mill—construction costs of which have been increasing inexorably—will really be completed this time. But if it is, it will operate with ore mined in uneconomically thin layers, at an expensive depth, extravagantly far away from the place where it is to be processed, and with coke hauled from abroad at crippling freight rates. The Nasser government, however, will have in its helmet the bright feather of "industrializing" the country.

### Pie in the Sky

What about the dynamism that makes the junta so impressive?

To attack illiteracy, disease, and general backwardness, the régime has launched a "combined-service unit" program which is to erect a school, clinic, workshop, and community hall under one roof in eight hundred villages. But the few units constructed to date are extravagantly lavish. It has been estimated that three-fourths of the limited funds thus squandered might have been better employed in the training of technicians, of whom Egypt has a chronic shortage.

Like other countries with a narrowly based agricultural economy, the New Egypt sees a panacea in industrialization. But planning for it tends to be irrational. An imposing hydroelectric plant at the Low Aswan Dam, one of the major completed projects of this planning, is already beginning to look like a white elephant. To begin with, more than $2 million was lost when construction was begun at one site and then abandoned. Now the machinery has been installed—but some seven hundred miles of transmission lines must be strung northward from Aswan before the power will be available to population centers now without electricity (or income to pay for it) and to industrial clients. But, apart from a new fertilizer plant at Helwan, the industry the new power supply must serve in order to be economically justifiable does not exist—and neither does the capital with which to begin creating this industry.

An important potential source of investment in the industrialization Nasser passionately desires is private capital, domestic and foreign. Yet his régime paralyzes such prospective investors by a contrary policy of red-hot nationalism and finger-in-the-pie economic controls.

Business establishments are being compelled to discharge most (non-Moslem) local employees because they lack Egyptian nationality. Because the ranks of Egyptian elite workers and professionals are thin, employers must fill vacancies with second- and third-raters. Further, the government has powers to confiscate properties without appeal. It issues decrees which oblige companies to retire directors at sixty, insist that their replacements have régime approval, and make the presence of a state agent mandatory at board meetings.

Part of the motivation behind the land reform was a desire to maneuver the agrarian rich into becoming industrial investors, but they are holding onto any expropriation money they get, or else they are putting it into nonproductive real estate, because there is no rent ceiling on new structures. Hence the rash of building in Cairo which gives a spurious impression of prosperity.

In its zeal for experiment, the régime has tended to undervalue experience. It has snubbed experienced men and given their posts to overambitious youngsters. "The economic incoherence is frightening," said one foreign expert who was well disposed toward the régime. The Nasser reforms, with honorable but rare exceptions, constitute a jumble of uncompleted plans, in a maze of disconnected agencies and ministries, supported by commitments far beyond capacity to pay.

### The High Aswan Dam

Some of these plans may possibly be scrapped after conclusion of the impending agreement on western financial aid to the High Aswan Dam.

For political rather than economic reasons, the United States, Britain, and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development are prepared to help Nasser with his major development project: a High Aswan Dam. Negotiations were particularly sticky because the Bank had gravely scrutinized Egypt's welter of economic programs and policies and proposed certain rectifications and controls against which dictatorial and nationalist vanities had bridled. Nasser may have sufficient funds for his share of the $1.3-billion project, but only if many other schemes for which he has already been applauded by uncritical onlookers—good or bad, on paper or half implemented—are abandoned.

The Aswan project itself exposes characteristic foibles of the junta. The régime has habitually asserted that the dam's storage of unused Nile waters would reclaim two million acres; when pressed, Egyptian



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officials admitted that maybe only 1.3 million acres would actually be new soil—the other 700,000 would simply be made more fertile. Now, however, officials are commencing exuberantly to jumble both sets of figures and come up with 2.7 million acres. For a long time Cairo disdained to consult Khartoum, although the dam as planned would involve the Sudan's vital interest in the Nile and even create a vast lake flooding more than one hundred miles of Sudanese Nile territory and obliterating the Sudanese town of Wadi Halfa.

Finally, the dam is envisaged by Nasser as his monument, the basis of his claim to the gratitude of Egyptian posterity. The junta has hailed the project as the cure-all for Egypt's electrification, industrialization, and land-hunger problems. Yet there are no visible funds or even sensible plans for the factories and other massive economic developments that the Dam's hydroelectric facilities are presumably to power. (These facilities are over and above those already noted at the Low Aswan.) Nor is there the slightest reason to believe that, even with the High Dam completed in eighteen years and irrigating a third as much land as Egypt cultivates today, it will be anything like a cure-all. The added acreage will barely keep pace with the added population, which swells at an annual rate of more than three per cent.

### Philosophy . . .

The views of Nasser's chief lieutenants clearly reflect the authoritarian character of the régime. "What this country needs is drive," Interior Minister Zakaria Mokhialdin, commander of the police and director of counterespionage, told me. "Human qualifications," he went on, "are more important than knowledge or experience. Sincerity and hard work are the best teachers." But what if the sincere hard worker goes wrong? Who controls *him*? "I suppose you mean we ought to have a parliament," he replied. "We had one under Farouk, and nothing got done. Well, we'll have a parliament again. Not that we need one. The people are satisfied with us. If they weren't it would be reported to me. But we want the people to

participate more. There will therefore be a parliament soon. Its form doesn't matter. It will meet, discuss, and advise—somehow. But no opposition. Not to the basic principles of our revolution."

Much the same philosophy was expounded to me by Lieutenant Colonel Anwar al Sadat, who is both Minister of State and leader of the Islamic Congress. Recalling that he had once successfully arranged the assassination of a royal Egyptian pro-British Cabinet Minister, Sadat assured me that political murder was now no longer patriotic, because "Egypt today is at last ruled by Egyptians." But could his opponents criticize him? I inquired. "Certainly not," he retorted. "This is a revolution. We will permit no attacks upon it. Egyptians are a simple people. Four out of five are illiterate. They would be easy victims for any demagogue."

### . . . and a Constitution

With such a mentality shaping it, the constitution Nasser finally granted Egypt this January has inspired no grateful odes to liberty. It is the junta's second effort. The first drafting commission included distinguished jurists and others representing a wide range of opinion beyond the military. They produced an exemplary document. It created a parliament composed of genuine representatives. It firmly gave the franchise to women literate enough to fill out a voter's application. It bestowed on women with a university degree the right to sit in parliament. In its opening paragraph it abolished military rule. The junta straightway rejected the work of its own commission and clamped a censorship on discussion of the draft —including the fact that it had been rejected. The assignment of writing a constitution was taken up this time by the Revolution Command Council itself.

The substitute version, now unveiled, clouds its intentions toward votes for women in the following triumph of verbiage. "The state secures for the female citizens means for reconciling their family duties with their public responsibilities."

According to current reports, male voting will be compulsory but female optional—which is tantamount to no votes for women at all in millions of rural households where they have little more than chattel status. Article 191, snatching back whatever freedom the previous 190 articles may have inadvertently released, stipulates that pre-constitution laws and mechanisms established by the junta in restraint of freedom "cannot be annulled or their validity questioned." A law is still to be written that will inform the Egyptian people who are to be elected to the "National Assembly," by whom and how. But it is certain that, with all other parties barred, Nasser's rubber-stamp Liberation Rally—renamed National Union and empowered to nominate all candidates —will continue to have a great deal to do with running the government.

### Degrees of Despotism

Is Nasser popular? In neighboring states, yes. To them, Nasser at the moment seems the brightest light in Islam since Mohammed—because he



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has defied the West, in the Czech arms coup and other matters, and gotten away with it.

But inside Egypt his glory is diluted by the reality of day-to-day life. In the anonymous darkness of even the humblest Cairo movie house, Nasser's handsome face evokes only silence—and sometimes a derisive whistle. Anyone who applauds gets punched by unidentifiable fists, or at least is invited menacingly to shut up.

By western standards, Farouk's rule was intolerable, with an abundance of terror and interment camps. But the monarchy's police apparatus angled mainly for big fish. Obscure subjects could grumble out loud with reasonable impunity. Even General Naguib, whose administration was hardly a model of freedom, at least stood for a "liberty" soon to come.

Still diseased, still illiterate, and incapable as yet of full self-government, the Egyptian people at large will accept rule by a clique—but only up to an uncertain limit. There has to be enough elasticity in the tyranny for a seditious speech now and then, even a refreshing street riot. Failing that, the man on top of the obelisk may be feared but not admired. So it is with Nasser. His police are too efficient.

Is Nasser nevertheless firmly seated? Superficially, he seems to have cut off any chance of revolt. While his Cabinet contains only a minority of eight officers (as against ten civilians), the military members meet apart with him, usually at night and under heavy guard at a former Farouk lodge on Gezira Island, as the all-supreme Revolution Command Council.

Nasser's two closest colleagues, Colonel Mokhialdin and Major General Abdel Hakim Amer, respectively manage police and army for him. A Free Officers Corps of 350 picked men holds the key positions in every branch of government. Some forty of these officers report directly to Nasser.

The street, normally a threat to any Egyptian régime, is for the moment intimidated. Most leaders of the once dangerous Moslem Brotherhood have been executed, jailed, or exiled, and several thousand rank-and-file fanatics are still behind bars. Traditional parties like the Wafd and Saadist are illegal and disbanded. The Communists, never strong or particularly well led in Egypt, are more rigorously suppressed than ever. Finally, the two remaining classic sources of popular unrest—students and proletariat—seem to have been expertly frustrated. One of Nasser's majors is Minister of Education. A lieutenant colonel controls labor as Minister of Social Affairs. Today the universities are politically sterile; the "trade unions," built up deliberately by the régime as strong-arm squads, constitute an auxiliary militia that can be mobilized on an instant's notice to "demonstrate" in favor of Nasser's republic.

### The Potential Dangers

But beneath this well-managed surface serenity, Nasser cannot relax too confidently even in his own junta household. During his first three years in power he purged four overambitious colleagues one at a time, streamlining the junta down to its present eight. Since then he has had to send one of the remaining eight off on an extensive "tour" abroad to reduce his size in the public eye (Wing Commander Gamal Salem, the Deputy Premier), fire half the top staff of "radical" writers on another's newspaper (*Al Goumhouriya,* edited by Colonel Sadat), and read the riot act to a third for meddling in politics instead of building parks and boulevards (Wing Commander Abdel Latif Baghdadi, Minister of Municipal and Rural Affairs).

After challenge from intriguing rivals in the junta itself, the next biggest threat to Nasser lurks in the military establishment. His Free Officers represent only a small fraction of the entire officer caste, on which they spy and by which they are feared and sullenly hated. There is a new crop of junior officers who shared neither in the revolution nor in its spoils and therefore yearn ominously for "more freedom." Even among the older field officers who helped make the revolution, some have been brutally shoved aside.

A sinister nucleus of Moslem Brotherhood leadership still functions from Damascus. As for the students, the régime may boast it has captured their loyalty—but not so much, evidently, that Colonel Mokhialdin dares remove the heavily armed police who patrol every school entrance and admit nobody unable to prove he is a student or professor. "It's only to keep out persons who haven't paid tuition fees," the Interior Minister first tried to persuade me; later he conceded there still might be "agitators" on the prowl.

Add to the list of potential subversives an increasing breed of neoliberals unaffiliated either with the old discredited political parties or with the new holders of power. There is a significant reservoir of educated "outs" who despise the muscle-bound "ins" and are waiting quietly for the day of true "liberation."

No organization is visible within or among these various centers of potential sedition. Nobody risks complaining above a murmur except in intimate private interview. For the moment, at least, Nasser is on the crest of the wave churned up by his arms deal with the Soviet bloc.

But an energetic conspirator would not have far to search for partners in a future revolt—if only he knew how to avoid soliciting government spies as accomplices. One strategic error by Nasser, one substantial defeat abroad for his prestige, and candidates for the succession will not be lacking.



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# *From Beethoven to Bebop On the Five-Year Plan*

**FLORA LEWIS**

PRAGUE

MIROSLAV BARVIK, director of music in Czechoslovakia's Ministry of Culture, describes himself as a "musical bureaucrat." It is his job to draw up the musical section of the great five-year plan that covers every aspect of Czech life. He sends out the yearly directives to orchestras throughout the country, hears complaints of singers who say their bookings are less than they deserve, and works out new ideas to ensure the replenishment of the supply of musicians. In a word, Barvik is the Czechoslovak commissar for musical output.

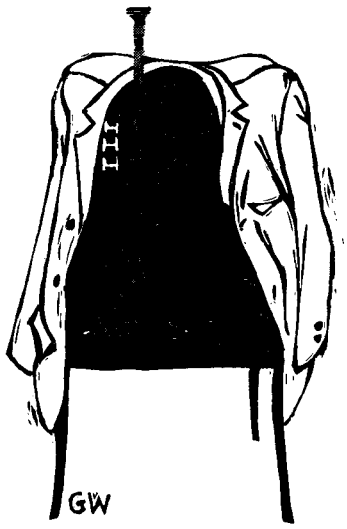
It is not an easy job, even for a young man. Barvik is only thirty-six, and he has been at it for three years. His face is earnest, full of the importance of a highly placed administrator, and edged with the softness of feature that befits an intellectual. Already he is half bald. Long wisps of hair sweep back from the extended forehead. The dark rims of his spectacles contrast with the pallor of his round face. His hands rest quietly as he talks.

"Of course, there were a lot of concerts here before we had planning," he told me. "Our people have an old tradition of making music. The musical life of Europe was always centered in Prague long before Czechoslovakia existed. The court musicians in Vienna were always Czechs.

"We have twelve symphony orchestras in Prague alone, and twenty-six in Bohemia and Moravia, without Slovakia. I am glad we have so much music, but I am sorry that it is so centralized in Prague. The new plan will provide for more music in the other cities, and in the countryside."

When recitals, chamber music, chorals, and operas are added in, Prague produces a staggering amount of harmony. It is impossible to prove, but it is almost certain that Prague turns out more music per ear than any major city in the world, and it was always so.

The Czech classics, especially Smetana and Dvorak, are the basis of




this. The great German and Russian composers also fill out a large share of the program. From 1948, when the Communists took over, until about a year ago, there was little French or Italian or English music and no American music at all. There was a time when it was dangerous to perform Debussy here, but that is no longer so, and last February a touring American company scored a great success with performances of *Porgy and Bess.*

Recently there has been a spate of the compositions of Bohuslav Martinu, the best living Czech composer, who has settled in New York. Barvik did not say so, but it is generally supposed here that the switch from a ban on Martinu's music to a flood of it is the Czechoslovak government's way of enticing the composer to come home.

"Before the introduction of socialist planning," Barvik said, "there were a lot of musicians who just made music without choosing together what they would do. I mean composers as well as orchestras and soloists. They just followed their fancies. Now we plan so that our music will be of high quality and good for the people.

"Every soloist is a member of an organization that decides which artist should play where and when, and what music. The artists have no need for managers this way. In New York, where your season is much shorter, the manager plans the soloists' engagements for the whole season beforehand, the orchestra draws up its programs, and so on. The result is a mosaic of the individual efforts of the artists, the concert halls, and the managers. Here a line is set so that all can work collectively.

### More, More, More

"I have here the directive that is now going out to prepare the details of the plan for the 1957 season. It will be discussed by the artistic advisers of each orchestra, the union representatives, and the regional officers of the Ministry of Culture. Then the regional officers will bring the exact plan of each orchestra to Prague and we will have a conference where these plans will be criticized and co-ordinated. By May everything will be arranged for the 1957 season.

"The most important thing to be remembered in 1957 is the fortieth anniversary of the Soviet Revolution. So next year all orchestras will pay special attention to music composed during the last forty years, particularly in the Soviet Union. Then there will be a world youth festival in Moscow in 1957. Orchestras must take care to give extra opportunities for young people to perform, so that the Czech representatives will be prepared for the Moscow festival. And there will be international contests in Brussels, Paris, and Zürich. The orchestras must help our people who will participate in these com-



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petitions by giving them plenty of chances to play beforehand.

"The directive then mentions the names of the various musical anniversaries that must be taken into account in drawing up the 1957 plan. There is Beethoven—130 years, Glinka—a hundred years, Gluck—170 years, Grieg—fifty years, Mysliwecek—220 years, and so on.

"As a result of socialist planning, we have much more music. Don't worry if you find it hard to understand our planning; it took me a long time to get used to it too. But look at the results. Here is the music section of your new five-year plan." He riffled through a typewritten document almost an inch thick. "I cannot give you the details; they have not yet received final approval. But I can tell you that we will have more and more music."

THE IDEA that persistent overfulfillment of the plans might be a bit hard on the musicians amused Barvik. "Yes, I suppose they do work a little more than they used to, but then they don't have to worry about anything. Before socialist planning, twenty per cent of our musicians were unemployed. Now we haven't enough to go around. But the plan also provides for this difficulty.

"There are 350 state-run basic music schools. The teachers in every elementary school have to pick out the children who show talent. If the music board agrees, they are sent to the basic schools. Then they go on to specialized schools and conservatories.

"Each year the orchestras and the concert agency calculate how many musicians for each instrument will be needed. And the conservatory takes just the number in each field that the plan requires. There are always many more applications than places. We can choose. This way, we will soon be able to keep up quite well with the larger and larger amount of music to be produced.

"But now I have an idea I hope to prepare for the next plan. We will set up a special school where children will go at the age of six. They will have normal lessons, but with great emphasis on music. It will be a boarding school. They will grow and live with music. There is such a school in Leningrad and it

works wonders. Gilels, Khachaturian, most of the best Soviet musicians are graduates. Of course, if the parents refuse to give up the children, we will not insist."

### 'We Don't Pry'

Distracting pleasures, unadulterated with political infusions, are hard come by in Prague. Music always was a Czech delight, and the wordless voices of music, or—possibly more important—the absence of certain strident ones that pervade much of life here may have a lot to do with the intensity of its appeal. One point at which there can be mutual and equal commiseration between Prague and New York is at the end of the box-office line. It is equally hard in both cities to get into anything worth while by merely plunking down your money and walking in.

"Prices vary according to the quality of the concert," said Barvik. "The highest price is twenty crowns for the Prague spring festival. The best seat at a good concert would usually cost about twelve crowns."

Officially, the crown sells at 7.17 for a dollar, but a comparison of living costs would make about twenty crowns for a dollar a more reasonable basis on which to calculate Czech prices.

"There are advantages and disadvantages to our system," said Barvik frankly, more at ease now and beginning to relax a little from his initial formality. "Some American artists feel they have a better chance of expressing themselves individually under their own system. But we are convinced that our system is better, that we are better prepared than you for the cultural development of the nation.

"In capitalist countries, leading musicians have to play one program over and over just because it is popular with the audiences. They become enterprises instead of artists. They must consider the box office first, not their artistic development. We don't forget the box office, of course, but our musicians are not tied to it. The money is supplied by the state, so that artists are secure. They can play new music and grow artistically.

"And we don't pry into their incomes. A musician pays three per cent income tax (one of the special rates applied in Czechoslovakia to favored occupations), and it is deducted from each pay check. He doesn't have to tell the government at the end of the year how much he made all together. We know that some of our people do very well, but we don't keep track of their earnings as capitalist countries do. This way they have real privacy. They need only fit into the plan.

"Naturally, musicians have norms like all other workers. But," and the sober face eased at last into a smile, "they are always exceeded. The Smetana Quartet, you know, has a norm of eighteen concerts a year in Czechoslovakia. It always plays at least a hundred times a year here, so you can see that it never has any trouble exceeding the norm. How does the norm come to be set at eighteen concerts, then? Well, income depends on how much the norm is overfulfilled. If the norm were put higher, the quartet would not earn so much.

"For composers, of course, it is impossible to set a norm. The head of the Composers' Union hasn't written anything in four years, and he is still chief. But he will be criticized for that at our next meeting, I can assure you."

### The Praguematic Approach

Fortunately for Barvik, he is not involved with the entangling necessity of judging whether new music lives up to the standards of "socialist realism," whether it is "positive and progressive" and "good for the people," and therefore whether it is to be prized or routed with shrill disgust. Others carry this ideological burden.

Those who help to do the measuring seem incapable of describing their standards in the specific, neatly tailored phrases Barvik uses to discuss his plan. This is not surprising, of course, since "socialist realism" is not the sort of idea that could be precisely set down even in a ton of graphs and blueprints. On the contrary, what it means has to be figured out the other way around, by looking into example after ex-



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ample and trying to wink at the contradictions.

For instance, in new concert music, any piece with much dissonance or experimentation in tonal scales is unlikely to pass the test. Barvik does not deal with jazz; the staggering problem of how to distinguish positive jazz from negative falls into the bailiwick of another musical commissar.

A composer named Karel Macourek is the director of light music on the Czechoslovak State Radio. He is young, tall, and broad-shouldered, with a shock of luxuriant black hair and a chiseled profile. Macourek surely could have done well as the daring hero of costume movies, especially spectacular melodramas of the age of chivalry, if he had not chosen to be a musician and dialectician.

It somehow seems significant of Macourek's special position in a society not given to gay abandon that he broke a leg not long ago while trying to jump down the stairs at the climax of a party.

Leaning back in his armchair so as to balance the weight of his plaster-clad leg, Macourek explained that "good jazz must reflect its nationality. Just to imitate the music from some other country is bad. You must be able to hear immediately whence the music arises. There must be an expression of the people. Of course, this is true of serious music as well.

"And there must be a good effect, a positive effect contributing to the education of the listener. There are three parts to music—melody, harmony, rhythm. Melody must come first. Some jazz puts rhythm first, playing the same notes over and over. That is bad; it does not uplift the people. It makes them jump and writhe around the floor like disgusting animals instead of good socialist men and women. You should see the stupid youngsters down at the Alfa [Prague's most popular dance hall]. They are pitiful, the way they crawl around thinking they are jitterbugging. Revolting!"

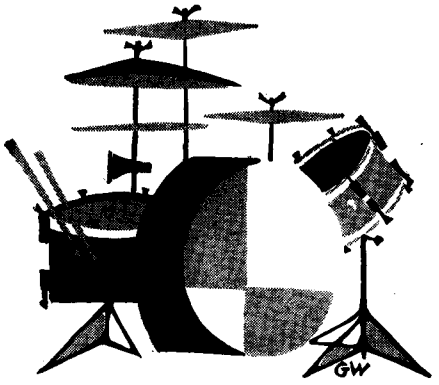
### Negativism Among the Riffs

The idea of a national jazz, of positive vs. negative music, is not an easy one to explain. Or perhaps a western upbringing, in complete ignorance of such concepts, makes the listener incapable of grasping such subtleties of meaning. At any rate, Macourek finally gave up the effort to rely on words alone and, reaching out for his crutches, hobbled to the piano in the next room to demonstrate.

He played three snatches of music. The first was "Lady Be Good." The second and third were unrecognizable but vaguely familiar, in the way of so many dance tunes.

Turning triumphantly, Macourek announced, "Now, the difference is entirely clear. Who could fail to see the national inspiration in those three pieces? The American jazz, the Czech jazz, the Soviet jazz, each has its own characteristics."

UNFORTUNATELY, it wasn't clear to me at all. Jazz, according to Macourek, is synonymous in a Communist country with popular music or light music, provided folk music and operetta tunes are excluded. With such a definition, it is not easy to distinguish an American jazz that includes bebop and swing, hot and sweet, blues and ballads, and prob-




ably even advertising jingles from similar varieties produced elsewhere.

Macourek responded to my request to take another tack. He demonstrated bad jazz. It consisted of "riffs," a word he pronounced with acid distaste. To Macourek they are a clear symptom of negative music wherever they appear. Riffs are broken chords repeated again and again, so that the effect is considerably more rhythmic than melodic, a sort of drumming or bass strumming on piano keys.

"There is good jazz and bad jazz in American music," he said. "Our problem is to educate our musicians so that they can distinguish properly, and can compose good Czech jazz."

Macourek demonstrated again, this time with a popular Czech dance tune that has won approval as being thoroughly "positive" in lyrics as well as in score. It was a simple ballad about a young fellow who hoped the moon would go on shining and not hide behind a cloud so as to keep him company while he waited for his girl friend. The melody was uncomplicated—more lilt than bounce.

"For example, in your music, I accept Gershwin and Duke Ellington." (He never mentioned any other American musician by name or by work.) "They really reflect national tendencies. But the other day a friend of mine, an orchestra leader, played a new record by Duke Ellington for me. I don't remember the title. He asked me what I thought of it. Yes, I told him, I like it. It is a little different from the Duke Ellington that I like best, but it is very interesting. Then he asked me if I would play it on the radio. I thought only an instant. No, I said, I can't allow it on the radio. It is interesting but it is not constructive. We must never forget the need for the socialist education of our youth."

THE BEST place in Prague to seek a clearer, practical understanding of Macourek's theories is at the Alfa. He turned out to be quite right about the youngsters' rather sad incompetence at jitterbugging. They obviously just didn't know how to go about it. But the orchestra played with plenty of gusto. There were ancient tunes from the birth of jazz, semi-symphonic adaptations, and an assortment of more or less undistinguishable pieces, all with a somewhat wandering beat.

However, the musicians at the Alfa explained with great precision how to judge jazz: "We don't play any of those nonsense tunes, where the same little phrase is constantly repeated. Those are definitely out. And no bebop, no really fast, complicated rhythms. With everything else, we just try it out once or twice and see what happens. If the higher-ups make no complaints, then the piece is all right and we keep on with it. If they don't like it, that's bad. We drop it."



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# *Gabriele D'Annunzio's Long Affair with Himself*

**SIDNEY ALEXANDER**

WINGLESS VICTORY: A BIOGRAPHY OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AND ELEONORA DUSE, by Frances Winwar. *Harper. $5.*

*"Ma, ma in Ispagna, son già mille e tre!"* boasts Leporello of his master, Don Giovanni's, conquests. Add to these the ardent Don's extraterritorial victories in Italy, Germany, France, and Turkey, and we reach the respectable figure of two thousand and sixty-five. The ladies in Gabriele D'Annunzio's life were "perhaps three thousand," breathes Miss Winwar, not without awe.

Yet after hundreds of pages of careful chronicling of D'Annunzio's loves—based upon original research and newly discovered letters—she scarcely conceals her distaste. It is a distaste at excess, all the more unexpected in view of her languishing treatment of romantic figures in previous biographies: of the Rossettis in her *Poor Splendid Wings,* of Lord Byron in *The Romantic Rebels,* and the dubious invention of a New Orleans love affair in her Whitman book.

Surely, one thought, here was a figure on which Miss Winwar—again the winged imagery of her title—would take flight into a very misty realm indeed.

However, except for an inexcusable whitewashing of D'Annunzio's political role, she views the poet dispassionately for what he was—a "combination of aestheticism and decadence . . . a psychological hybrid, part archangel and part Marquis de Sade with a touch of Swinburne . . ."

Her book purports to be a joint biography of the poet and the most famous of his loves, Eleonora Duse, but D'Annunzio's flamboyant career sweeps all before it. Of the actress, we retain an impression of a pallid transfigured face, of weaving beautiful hands, of her unhappy early loves and the fulfilling liaison with Boito, the composer and librettist. She was already world-renowned when one pearl-pink morning in Venice her destiny crossed D'Annunzio's. The poet was thirty-two, Duse thirty-six, and for nine years they lived together or in adjacent villas, with the inevitable separations due to the actress's tours or the poet's amours. Some clue to their relationship is suggested in the name which D'Annunzio (who liked to rename his consorts as he liked to dress them up in outlandish costumes) applied to the actress—Consolazione. It was the title of a poem written to the poet's mother. Duse's "most frequent names for him were *Dolcezza*—Sweetness—*Mio figlietto*—my little son, or simply, *Figlio.*"

The liaison was doomed to end. Every Beloved Woman became the Enemy. Besides, the union served D'Annunzio's Muse—as did every one of his affairs—more than Duse's. Miss Winwar devotes many lively pages to the struggle of the divine Sarah Bernhardt to hold her throne against the encroachments of her younger Italian rival. But Duse was not so young any longer either, and her insistence on including D'Annunzio's plays in her repertoire did not help her reputation. After their parting, she practically disappears not only from the book but also from the poet's life. She had served her function: He not only had written his novel *Il Fuoco* (*The Flame of Life*) out of the ashes of their passion; those years were perhaps the most fruitful and richest of his literary career.

### A Succession of Ladies

There are, it seems to me, really three D'Annunzios to be considered—the lover, the artist, and the war hero who created the Fascist mystique. Miss Winwar's scrupulous documentation of the first eventually becomes wearisome—not through any fault of hers, for she writes well. But after a while, the Priapean pyrotechnics become tiresome; the succession of faces on the divan begins to blur: We remember only the two Marias, and the tall lithesome Barbara, and the blonde Russian, and the fair lady who went mad, and the other who entered a convent. All of them served to feed the flame of five-foot-three Gabriel of the Annunciation. And the succession was inevitable. Like Shelley, he bred his poems on the bodies of women.

His genius was rapacious rather than truly imaginative; he was always writing autobiography. Miss Winwar's revaluation of this aspect of the writer is very fine: "Essentially his genius lay in the acuity of those senses, to which he had given full play. He delighted in the things he saw, the emotions he felt, the music he adored and desired as through an extension of his eroticism. Yet the very force of his own sensations dulled him to a human appreciation of the feelings of others. . . . He was the artist striving for the right effect, for the *frisson nouveau* which was oftener a shudder of horror than a thrill of pleasure. He was no Tolstoy, no Balzac who could become their own creations, entering into them like an animating breath. . . . For these reasons he was not inventive, for only the writer who can externalize himself and live the fictive adventures of his characters finds it desirable or even possible to create anything to equal in importance the events of his own experience. As with his poetry for which D'Annunzio had to feel the emotion before he could express it, he had to live his novels, or at least experience their central motivation, before he could write them."

### Sensual and Pagan

This reviewer does not pretend to have read more than a scattering of



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D'Annunzio's enormous output. He was prolific; and he was even capable at times of continence while engaged in literary work. According to Miss Winwar, the novel *Il Fuoco* is a masterpiece, but for my taste these pages emanate too fetid a fragrance, the style is too mannered, the speech-making too rhetorical. But even the casual reader is struck by the sonorous rhythms of this prose, the marvelous linguistic invention enriched by classical erudition, the incantatory evocation of Venetian light and atmosphere.

D'Annunzio's music is even more apparent in the poetry, with which I am more familiar; the lyrics in *Alcione* are masterful indeed. "As an artist of the word," Miss Winwar quotes the critic Alfredo Galletti, "D'Annunzio . . . is one of the greatest, not only in Italian literature but in all modern literatures when it comes to representing what is within the experience of the senses: light, colors, sounds, plastic and tangible forms and forms shaped by the imagination. . . . As for the content, that is, the soul of his poetry, it is that of a man of prey, both sensual and pagan."

The American reader may perhaps get some idea of D'Annunzio's power in these opening lines of my own variation of *"La Pioggia nel Pineto"* —"The Rain in the Grove."

*Be still.*
*On the leaf-strewn sill*
*of the forest I hear*
*no human words spoken,*
*but newer words sung*
*by the drops' tinkling tongue*
*and the broken*
*murmuration of distant leaves.*
*Listen! It is raining*
*from tattered clouds driven,*
*raining down from heaven*
*on the tamarisks burnt,*
*on the brackish tamarisks.*
*Raining on the tangled hairy kirtles*
*of the pine,*
*on the myrtles*
*divine;*
*on the thick-clustered broom,*
*on the juniper's loom;*
*Upon our sylvan*
*faces,*
*upon our naked hands,*
*our vestments and our poses,*
*on each fresh-quickened thought*
*that the soul newly discloses;*
*on the fable richly wrought*
*that yesterday*
*deluded thee, and today deludes me,*
*O Hermione!*

An auto-intoxicated lyricist and a man of prey. In April, 1910, André Gide met the Italian writer for the second time. Gide, who could hardly be considered a kind man, comments in his *Journals* on the poet's predatory nature. D'Annunzio was "more sparkling than ever. His eye lacks kindness." He struck Gide as rapacious, "less will than calculation; little passion or else cold passion." When one of the dinner companions later remarked that D'Annunzio "sums up all of Italy," "Less Dante," remarked another.

Less Dante—that is to say, less the restraint, less the power to go straight into the heart of things. For if energy seems to be a central characteristic of the Italians, their greatest figures have been precisely those who knew how to contain their foaming force behind a dam of austerity. One thinks of Dante himself—the superb architecture of his form, the supreme skill to leave unspoken the highest reaches of passion: *"Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avante . . .* That day we read no further." Or one thinks of Machiavelli's lean, dry prose. Or of the colossal Michelangelo, who had no patience whatever for the sensuous world and whose nudes are never naked. In every case these giants used their passions to avoid the excessive. But D'Annunzio lived in the excessive.

Set this self-infatuated nature in its epoch and we get the combination of Wagner's voluptuousness, Huysmans' aestheticism, Wilde's perversity, all that perfume-drenched atmosphere of the end of the century. Miss Winwar paints many sparkling vignettes of D'Annunzio in Paris. One night in Ida Rubinstein's thronged dressing room, D'Annunzio fell upon his knees and "kissed the diva's feet, from the instep traveling up the glorious nudity to the knees. When he lifted his eyes to the face of Cleopatra, shaded by its unreal azure hair, he blinked at the radiance of her smile. 'St. Sebastian?' he whispered in a daze as he rose."

For the famous dancer and with the aid of Claude Debussy he wrote


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in French his play, *Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien*. But in D'Annunzio's transformation, the Christian martyr pierced by arrows becomes only an erotic symbol.

This was his life and, in his novels especially, he transcribed much of it exactly, in some cases even copying love letters to and from his mistresses verbatim. Like Gide, he throws up his hands in horror when someone dares to burn his letters—the best part of his life was going up in smoke! One is left with the sickening feeling that experience so devoured to make literature is false experience to begin with, that love so conceived was never love at all. Life is the raw material of art, yes, but not life lived with notebook in hand. The split of the soul into the observer and the observed is somehow monstrous. And D'Annunzio—and Gide too—strikes us very often as an elegant monster.

### The Ceremonial of Fascism

The First World War came and blew that world away. And now begins the last phase of the astonishing little man. He was fifty-two, a world-famous writer. His only political experience thus far had been a brief term in the Chamber of Deputies. Hitherto, his political writing had been limited to intensely nationalistic poems, but now for five years D'Annunzio the poet is transformed into D'Annunzio the wing commander or, as he entitled himself, the Comandante. The spent poet is now leading a squadron of Italian war planes, dropping leaflets, not bombs, on Vienna. After the war ended he led a military mutiny and took Fiume, holding the city against the Allied powers and the soldiers of the Italian army for sixteen months.

It was in Fiume that he created all the ceremonial of Fascism: the black-shirted army in which companies and platoons were given Latin names; the dialogue between leader and crowd in which the crowd was taught to answer the leader by roaring simple, powerful words—Yes, No, *A Noi, Eja! Eja! Alalà!*

D'Annunzio also created what Mussolini later stole from him, the Corporative System based on occupational unions of employers and employees entrusted with functions of economic planning and government.

Once the poet turns into the Comandante, Miss Winwar gives him quite uncritical approval. The indubitable fact is that D'Annunzio's cult of the superman led him to stumble into the discovery of that system of government called fascism that the extreme Right was to adopt in quite a number of countries. Mussolini was distinctly disinclined to pay royalties to D'Annunzio on his invention, and the relationship between the two men was never an easy one—particularly after large amounts of money Mussolini had collected for D'Annunzio's Fiume government somehow stuck to his pocket.

According to Miss Winwar, D'Annunzio's last years on his Lake Garda estate, which he named the Vittoriale, were spent almost as a prisoner in a gilded cage. Perhaps so. But D'Annunzio certainly succeeded in having the cage regilded over and over again by the Fascist government. By that time the poet was old and wrinkled, and busy scrawling mottoes on every available rock, fountain, or bedpost. He even remembered that he had a wife, and she came to live on the grounds, his *Principessa adorabile*—together with the prow of the battleship *Puglia* and several cannon under a statue of St. Francis with arms outstretched. As the estate was extended, one thinks of Hadrian in his villa, but this is a Hadrian with bad taste, this is the most extravagant Baroque married to the late last Romantic, and meanwhile the billets-doux go back and forth from the poet's study to the adjacent chamber.

During the last years of his life D'Annunzio managed to create an image of himself molded on St. Francis, of all people. To the very end the gift of creating images—poetical or sacrilegious—never deserted him, and in all these images he only mirrored himself.

## Book Notes

A Capitol Offense, by Jocelyn Davey. *Knopf. $3.*

It doesn't take more than one page of this off-beat whodunit to know that it is an inside job, for no one could have as much fun with the British Embassy in Washington and the diplomatic life if he were not a British civil servant, heavily disguised though he may be by the name on the cover. But Mr. Davey, so called, is no ordinary civil servant and no ordinary writer: His relish in plot and character is immense; his style brisk, subtle, and studded with the allusions of a deeply cultivated mind; his satire—whether of British, Russians, or American police—never abrasive. Just who killed the attractive Mr. Hewitt of the Embassy is not very important, and the attendant complications become almost too dense to follow. The fun is in listening to the mysterious emissary from Oxford, Ambrose Usher (could Mr. Davey have Isaiah Berlin in mind, perhaps?), and learning what goes on in a British Embassy when violence strikes and when people with names like Miss Hope-Little and Commander Abbott-Hume begin to act very strangely indeed.

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The Abode of Love: The Conception, Financing and Daily Routine of an English Harem in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century Described in the Form of a Novel, by Aubrey Menen. *Scribner's. $3.50.*

Mr. Prince, ex-clergyman, lived happily with a number of adoring ladies on the fine country estate his New Faith built. Since under this dispensation all members of his curious establishment were already "saved," the adjoining chapel, although provided with stained-glass windows, contained only potted palms, a billiard table, and a couch. Here it was that Mr. Prince read the Song of Solomon to his eager "brides" and to his one long-suffering legal spouse. How Mr. Prince managed to enjoy these privileges undisturbed and prosperous in Victorian England is told with Aubrey Menen's customary grace and wit: chromos and keepsakes, Voltaire without passion or indignation, in a playful mood.



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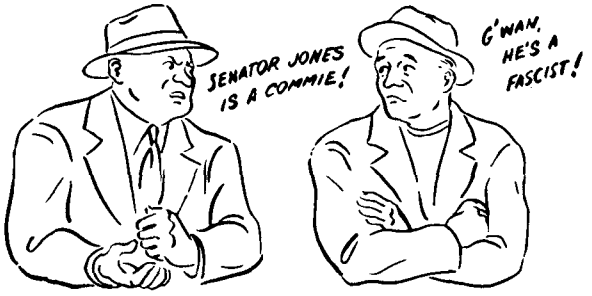


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